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LAST LOVE.

The first flower of the spring is not so fair
As bright as one the ripe midsummer brings.
The first faint note the forest warbler sings
Is not so rich with feeling or so rare,
As when, full master of his art, the air
Drowns in the liquid sea of song he flings
Like silver spray from beak and breast and wings.
The artist's earliest effort, wrought with care,
The bard's first ballad written in his tears,
Set by his later toil seems poor and tame,
And turn to nothing dwindles at the test.
So with the passions of maturer years
Let those who will demand the first fond flame,
Give me the heart's last love—for that is best.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CLOWN IN TRAGEDY.

Seized with a sudden rage that turned his face livid the young man sprang from his knees where he had been kneeling before her

Have a care, Dora!" he cried, with flashing eyes "you know how I love you and you know how far I might go Don't push me too hard!"

The young woman reclining calmly on the sofa shrugged her shoulders.

"Ha its chi" she said, coldly, "that was all that was lacking and by what right"—

"By the right you gave me in allowing me for the last six months to think that you loved me"

Well if I have let you think so, are you fool enough not to see that perhaps it was because I did love you?"

"But you have ended with it all now, is it not so?" replied the young man clenching his teeth

"It appears so —" She paused, and, throwing aside her indifferent air, became more earnest. "Come let us finish this right here, Mario But let us finish it once and for all That will be the best thing for both of us. You talk of rights. I have not given you any unless it was to love me as much as I wanted you to It is the same story always and all the world over, my good fellow Chance brought us together in the same circus at Vienna I, a rope dancer, you a clown It was an accident like any other was it not? It might not have happened but it did happen—so far so good I took a fancy to you or rather, you pleased me that is better still I told you that I liked you a strange thing to say perhaps but it was true and I said it. You profited by it for six months and now what more do you want? Do you expect this to go on forever do you want to live your whole life this way? Al no no indeed! I see no reason for it I do not wish it. Here we are at Paris still with the same circus for luck would have it that the same manager should engage us together But that is no reason why we should remain chained to each other like a couple of convicts. For my part I have had quite enough of the chain. If it were a golden one I might consider the matter But that is not the case, as you know else Well, now I have found one which is truly of that metal and, moreover an easy one which I can carry as I please provided that I carry it with decency Now, my dear fellow you are in the way you are a hindrance even a danger Do you think I have no ambition, no dreams to gratify? Do you suppose I should be content to follow in such a track as this all my life time? I have my future to look out for, but you do not seem to consider that I can never be certain that you won't spoil every thing with your bursts of stupid jealousy Do not think I would hesitate for a moment between you and a fortune. You are very agreeable but I prefer the hundred thousand francs a year which I am offered, I prefer the carriage and dresses and servants which I can have if I only say the word I prefer them I tell you And that is why I declare to you thus frankly that all is at an end between us, quite at an end Come give me your hand and let us not speak of it again Is it agreed?"

Mario stood before her—a handsome fellow, indeed with an athletic figure of which his street dress could not conceal the powerful yet elegant outlines. He remained looking at her without speaking gazing into her face, his black eyebrows fiercely contracted as if struggling with a frightful temptation to strangle the words in her throat.

"That is your last word?" he demanded finally with an effort

My last What more is there to say?"

Dora I beg you — he broke out with trembling voice.

"There you are not going to commence again I hope Ah there goes the bell! It is the count. Quick get out by this door, and don't put your foot in here again. I have no more time to waste with you Come, don't you hear what I say?" she cried, brutally And running up, she pushed him out by the shoulders.

When she had slammed the door on his fingers, the clown turned and shook his fist at it.

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Eleven o'clock. The circus glares with its myriad of lights A murmur of impatience runs along the tiers of seats, glittering with the bright toilets of the ladies. The jugglers, the tumblers, the dashing equestriennes, the performers upon the trapeze, all accompanied by the ridiculous clowns, have each had their turn Now nervous hands are crumpling the satin programmes. They await the performance of the daring Mlle Dora.

Fifty feet high on a steel wire, without a pole! It's marvelous."

"And without a net, too!"

"It is madness. Why do they not take that precaution, at least?"

Simply to produce a sensation, my dear Without danger there is no excitement It would be an insipid affair with a net. You might as well go to see a lion tamer perform with his beasts muzzled, or an exhibition of wrestling between a man and a stuffed bear One comes to the circus to be thrilled, and it is the business of the manager to see that you are frightened your money's worth."

"Well, I am already frightened enough. If she should fall!"

Dora doesn't fall She startled Vienna all last summer with the same performance, she has been doing it in Paris for a month When you see her it looks as if nothing were easier than to dance in the middle of space without the breadth of an inch to support you and you never think of the danger, she appears to accomplish it all so easily Ah, there she is!"

With a bound, Mlle. Dora has just appeared in the middle of the ring, light and quick as a bird her strong, slender body incased in fleshings the color of a rose.

Through the lorgnettes the vast audience converges its interested gaze upon her, and from every mouth comes a cry of admiration. She bows to the right and left, bending gracefully, her beautiful lips half parted in a smile, which displays a double row of pearls. Then she turns, steps back a dozen paces, seizing a cord which hangs before the performers' entrance and pulls herself up to the wire hand over hand, with an easy, confident strength There she is, away up at the end of a wire, her form supported on the two cords that lead to the side of the building. She stops here an instant, looking down at the sea of faces fixed motionless with interest. She extends one silk clad limb, and with the sole of her foot gently taps the narrow thread of steel on which she is about to commence her perilous journey A second later and you will see her start, run along the wire, stop, turn around, and balance on one foot as gracefully as a bird.

In the middle of the ring three clowns are going through a series of contortions and tumbling In exact time they fall upon their feet altogether Two of them, doubling up their bodies until their grimacing faces are to be seen peeping from behind their knees, sidle off the scene. The third has stayed behind, his neck craned up toward Dora who is about to take her first step into danger What is he going to do? Some crowning absurdity no doubt. You will have your pains for your trouble, my good fellow no one is looking at you now

A conscientious fellow, this Mario Not a glance is for him now but what of it? He will act his part there he is in the middle of the ring trembling violently in all his limbs a rather good bit of comedy this It is she, up there, who walks along to death it might be but it is he down below who is frightened But it is an old trick that sort of farce From a clown of his standing one would expect something better especially as there is no variation to it Come, that will do What do you think you are doing you great booby following the movements of the aerial walker step by step, and holding out your arms as if she were going to fall? Mlle Dora is not in the habit of falling you know well enough And for a mirth provoker really your appearance is not very funny Where in the world did you pick up that undertaker face? One would even think you were pale underneath all that white paint and that it is from real fear you tremble!

"What is that?

A simultaneous cry of horror has broken from a thousand throats Under Mlle Dora's feet the wire has just snapped in twain! Whirling over and over through the air she falls

The audience has risen to its feet with dilated eyes and blanched faces. On the sawdust the clown and the unfortunate girl have rolled together, for, by a remarkable feat of agility Mario has caught her in his arms

They are lifted and borne away Mlle Dora has received no injury, she has only fainted. But the man who by a miracle has saved her has not come off so easily A shoulder dislocated, a broken arm and internal injuries, the surgeons say

Another man finished for the circus business muttered the ring master, as he left his stand

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Two days afterwards Mlle Dora in a rich street dress was seated at the bed side of her former lover There were the four white walls of the hospital chamber the bare floor, a small table with a bottle on it a chair, and that was all

Well my poor Mario how do you feel? she asked in a voice that tried to be sympathetic

As you see replied the clown with a woeful smile pointing to the bandages wound round his arm and shoulder

It is to you that I owe my life, Mario I shall never forget it

Must I—a young man with a ray of hope—then you will love me again?"

Yes but not as you mean Come, Mario do not return to that sort of thing again Let us talk of something else. Do you know what the doctor said?

No

Nothing, he did not say

It was not cut

Cut!

And they have found it

Have they! And who was it?

"The property man Yes I know that fool who hates me so much because I put him out of my dressing room

"But it is not possible that he could have done it

Why not? He is arrested and the thing is proved against him

There was a short silence. The tight rope walker was thinking how much time decency required her to prolong her visit to the man who had saved her life The face of the clown was betraying a series of changing emotions. His brow was contracted, and he seemed to be suffering great mental anguish.

"Listen Dora he broke out suddenly in a half whisper that man must be released

"Why?"

Because I am certain that it was not he who cut the wire

"What do you know about it?

"I am sure of it

Who was it then?

It was I!

"You! The young woman had started back with a movement of horror

"Don't leave me I beseech you he pleaded forgive me! I loved you so much that I was crazy over it! sobbed the poor fellow

Dora arose with a look of pitiless disgust upon her face She took up her parasol and coldly without a look without a word, walked to the door and went out

The poor wretch immovable upon his cot, heard down the steps the hard click of her high heels the rustle of her silken skirts Doors opened on the floor below and then banged to

Mario was alone A strange hopeless look came into his eyes and with a shudder he turned his face to the wall

He had what was worse than a broken back a broken heart and when he left the hospital a month later it was in his coffin—Translated for The Argonaut from the French of J Montet by M J Danneville.

Leather Bracelets.

There is no limit to the artistic beauty of modern shoes and slippers for indoor wear Precious stones are largely used for the decoration of fancy footwear by eastern fashionables and the recent introduction of leather bracelets is not surprising Soft ooze leather and also the finer qualities of kid are used for the purpose and very pretty they are Those of the ooze are usually made flat on the inside rounding on the outside by being padded or made over a light frame and are studded with brilliants or precious stones. A lovely one intended for a bridal present, was of ooze in a light fawn shade and was set with emeralds and rubies in the shape of a true lover's knot A guard chain tied in a bow knot and finished with gold tassels lent it an additional charm Inside was a gold tablet bearing a suitable inscription The kid bracelets are usually made in flat, wide bands fastening around the arms by means of a buckle either of gold or crusted with jewels. The stones are first set in gold according to a desired design, and then attached to the leather They are lined with silver, gold silk or satin according to price They are becoming quite popular in the east, especially as engagement bracelets —St Louis Globe Democrat.

No Sister in His

A young lady of our city (whose name I shall not mention) had a caller not long since, and he lost no time in revealing to her the object of his visit. He said "Miss ——, I called this evening to ask you a question, and have brought a handsome ring with me Now, I want you to be candid with me, and before I give it to you I want to know that if you are only inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take the ring back as father objects to my sister wearing such an attractive and expensive ring" Whereupon his girl decided to take the ring and let her lover keep her heart. Listen for the wedding bells.—Americus (Ga.) Republican

Spirits in France.

The quantity of alcoholic spirits extracted in France by distillation from wine has been gradually diminishing owing to the effects of phylloxera and mildew on the vines, and in consequence the production of spirits from molasses, beet root juice, grape skins and from farinaceous substances, especially maize and potatoes, shows an increase. The consul general of the United States at Paris states that the spirits produced in France are now for the greater part distilled from molasses, and the annual production reaches 18,492,000 gallons. The distillation of beet root juice is also very important, producing alcohol of a good quality The quantity is about 13,000,000 gallons, but the production is decreasing slightly and is being replaced by spirits made from grain. The production of grain spirits is close on 15,000,000 gallons.—San Francisco Chronicle

THE GAY CITY OF MADRID.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE LIFE OF THE SPANISH CAPITAL

Indescribable Gayety and Brightness of the Streets—Points of Interest Where History Was Made—A Glimpse of Home and Kitchen

Spain has the fortune to lie a little aside from the personally conducted infested paths of travel—a Sabbath day's journey into the land of romance Its history is hung about with a glamour such as nowhere else conceals the scars of time or the paltry and sordid movement of that great disenchanter the present There is probably nowhere else a people having so great a part in the annals of the world whose work in the vineyard of the nations is so entirely lone and whose importance is so much a matter of sentiment. Most even of its best readers know more of the life of Spain in the time of the Moors or of Columbus than of today and to such, especially now and in Detroit where there is an especial interest in that country some extracts from a translation of the description of Madrid written by Edmondo de Amicis, will be welcome

It gives a picture of the modern city and its people written with the peculiarly light and vivid touch which distinguishes De Amicis, and in the appreciative spirit of a genuine cosmopolite

"The train stops he says "I get out and find myself in a square full of carriages, in the midst of a noisy crowd, a thousand hands were stretched out toward my valise a hundred mouths shrieked in my ear It is an indescribable confusion of porters, hackmen guards guides boys and commissioners of casas de huespedes. I make way for myself with my elbows and jump into an omnibus full of people and away we go We pass through a large street, cross a great square traverse a broad straight street and arrive at the Puerta del Sol It is a stupendous sight It is an immense, semi circular space surrounded by high buildings into which open, like ten torrents ten great streets, and from every street come a continuous noisy wave of people and carriages, and everything seen there is in proportion with the vastness of the locality The sidewalks are as wide as streets and the cafes as large as squares the basin of a fountain as large as a lake, and on every side there is a dense and noisy crowd, a deafening racket and an indescribable gayety and brightness in the features gestures or colors which make you feel that neither the populace nor the city are strangers to you, and which produces in you a desire to mingle in the tumult greet every one and run here and there rather to recognize persons and things than to see them for the first time

I get out at a hotel leave it instantly and commence going about the streets at random. I jump into a carriage and say to the coachman Vamos! I pass the statue of Murillo, I ascend the street Alcala traverse the street of the Turk where Gen Prim was assassinated I cross the square of the Cortes in which the statue of Michael Cervantes stands emerge on the Plaza Mayor, where the Inquisition lighted its pyres turn back and in front of the House of Lopez de la Vega come out on the immense square of the Orient opposite the royal palace where rises the equestrian statue of Philip IV in the midst of a garden surrounded by forty colossal statues climb and down the heart of the city, crossing other broad streets gay squares and cross roads filled with people, then finally return to the hotel declaring that Madrid is grand gay rich populous and charming

SPANISH SAUCES AND GRAVIES

Signor de Amicis leaves his hotel for a casa de huespedes evidently the Spanish equivalent for a boarding house or better class which he evidently greatly enjoyed. He says

These guest houses are nothing more than families who furnish board and lodging to students artists and strangers at different prices but always more reasonably than the hotels with the inestimable advantage that one enjoys a breath of home life therein, forms friendships and is treated more like one of the family than like a boarder The landlady was a good woman in the fifties the widow of a painter who had studied at Rome, Florence and Naples and had retained throughout life a grateful and affectionate recollection of Italy She took quite naturally evinced a lively interest for our country, and displayed it every day by being present when I dined recounting to me the life death and exploits of all her relations and friends as if I were the sole confidant she had in Madrid

A little good will is needed in order to habituate one's self to certain sauces and gravies peculiar to the Spanish kitchen—but I accustomed myself to them The French who in the matter of cooking are as difficult to please as spoiled children cry out against it Dumas says he has suffered from hunger in Spain They mix things a trifle too much, there is too much fat and season too highly, but really not enough to take away Dumas' appetite They are masters among other things of sweets Then comes their puchero a national dish eaten every day by the Spaniards in every place and I tell the truth when I say that I devoured it with voracious enjoyment The puchero is in regard to culinary art what an anthology is to literature. It is a little of everything and the best

A good slice of boiled meat forms the nucleus of the dish around it are the wings of a fowl a piece of sausage, lard vegetables and ham over it under it and in all the interstices are garbanzos These are a species of bean but they are larger more tender and richer in flavor than ours Such is the ordinary puchero but every family modifies it according to its purse the poor man is content with meat and garbanzos the gentleman adds to it a hundred delicious tidbits. At the bottom it is more of a dinner than a dish, and many eat nothing else "—Detroit Free Press.

Rapid Mail Transit

Three hundred miles an hour is the proposed speed for the electric postal railroad of the future An experimental line has been erected at Laurel twenty miles from Baltimore Md A compromise between the pneumatic tube and the ordinary railroad carries a miniature train of two cars solely for mails and light parcels without any attendance The road has three rails—one above the car for carrying the current and two below which carry the cars The cars are built of sheet iron and are two feet square and twenty-one feet long Speed will be regulated and power or brakes applied by electricity solely If the experiment at Laurel succeeds, it is stated that similar roads will be laid between Baltimore and Washington, and elsewhere —Frank Leslie's Newspaper

Elopers.

A few days ago the cars landed at McKeesport Pa a young man without legs, a handsome dashing brunette, a hand cart and a dog The girl harnessed the dog to the cart, lifted the man into it and helped to push the cart across the Reynoldstown bridge, where they took the train and departed. Later in the day an officer from Leetonia, O, arrived in search of them He said they were elopers. —Chicago Times.

The Way It's Done.

Loud ring at the telephone "Hello! Who's there? Is that The Herald office? "Yes" "I'm Rev Elijah Jehosephat" Well, what is it?" "Please state in the religious notices of your Sunday issue that Rev Elijah Jehosephat, of the Hallelujah church, will deliver a sermon on the 'Iniquity of the Sunday Newspaper,' Sunday evening at 7:00 Have you got it?" "Yes." "Thanks."—True Flag

CELEBRATED MIDGETS.

SOME DIMINUTIVE MEN AND WOMEN WHO ACHIEVED FAME.

A Dwarf Who Killed His Man in a Duel. A Short Pole with a Long Name and Title—Our Own Tom Thumb and the "Matron in Miniature"—Huldah Bump.

Sir Geoffrey Hudson is used for the genesis of this article not because he was the smallest of the long list of midgets who have appeared upon the stage of action during the past 300 years, but for the reason that he is the earliest of which authentic record has been preserved. He was born in the year 1619 at Oakham, Rutlandshire England He first attracted the attention of the Duke of Buckingham in 1628, he being then 9 years old and but eighteen inches high

Little Geoffrey, or Jeffrey as it is sometimes written remained in the service of the duke until the time of the tour of Charles I, king of England through the different shires after his marriage with Maria Henrietta.

When the king and his new bride visited Buckingham in order to serve their majesties with a unique surprise, Geoffrey, the dwarf, was incased in a large cold pie and served at dinner, much to the delight of the royal visitors.

THE DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

Her majesty was so pleased with the pranks of the little elf that she was allowed to take him with her to London. Soon after this event he began to grow rapidly and soon shot up to three feet a calamity which he characteristically claimed was due to royal feeding Still he retained his position as court dwarf under the suggestive name of Lord Minimus, was present upon all state occasions and knew more, perhaps, of the affairs of the government than the king's ministers themselves.

He was sent to France to bring an attendant for the queen, she being a native of that country While on this errand, thinking himself a dwarf of considerable importance, he formed the acquaintance of Mr Crofts a young man of high social standing and position in France, who teased the poor little dwarf beyond the bounds of reason. Being a courtier when at home he naturally resented the treatment of young Crofts, which finally became unbearable, resulting in a challenge from the dwarf

When Crofts and his friends appeared at the scene of rendezvous Crofts was armed with a squirt gun filled with muddy water This enraged the little Englishman to the extent that a real duel followed the participants being mounted on horseback which put them more on a level Crofts fell dead at the first fire

The remainder of the adventurous life of Hudson reads like a romance He was for some time a slave in Barbary afterwards, upon his return to England a captain in the royal army In 1664 to accompanied the queen on a visit to France but after the bestowal of all this royal honor upon him he was sent as a prisoner to Gatehouse Westminster having been suspected of being privy to the popish plot He died at the Gatehouse prison in his 63d year

BOROWLASKI AND THUMB

Count Joseph Borowlaski was a Pole He was born in the year 1739 the one of a family of six children of whom every other one were dwarfs. The first of the family was a son 3 feet and 4 inches high then came an other who was 6 feet in his stockings after to had attained man's estate next came Joseph the subject of this sketch who was but 27 inches high on his twenty first birthday of the three that followed Joseph the first and last were of ordinary proportions the middle one being a dwarfess who died at the age of 22, being then but 23 inches tall Joseph became celebrated for his remarkable longevity as well as for the brevity of his stature he living to the advanced age of 98 After his tour through England he visited his native land but returned two years later to the British Isles, married a lady of ordinary size, raised a large family and died at Bank's cottage, near Durham in 1837

About five years after the death of Borowlaski in 1842 Tom Thumb the most celebrated dwarf of modern times although not the smallest by any means, began his triumphant march under the auspices of his patron saint P T Barnum. Tom's real name was Charles Stratton He was born in 1838 and was therefore but 4 years of age when put on exhibition at Barnum's museum New York city He weighed twelve pounds when first exhibited, soon became famous and made his first trip to England in 1844, I believe but it may have been a year or two later He grew but very little until after the end of his fifteenth year, then grew until he was 21 At the age of 30 he began to 'fill out' and during his last trip west in 1883, he stated his weight to be seventy pounds! Not much of a 'midget,' sure He died at his summer residence near Middleboro, Mass July 15 1883, aged 45

THE WARREN SISTERS

Mrs Tom Thumb the wife of the subject of the foregoing, was before she attracted the attention of her husband's patron saint little Betsy Bump. When put on exhibition beside her future husband at the New York museum, she adopted Lavina Warren as a stage name She was married to the little general at Grace church, New York city, in 1863 and was therefore just twenty years a wife

Mrs Stratton, when young, weighed anywhere from fifteen to thirty pounds. As age advanced she became quite portly and weighed, when she made the last trip west, not less than fifty pounds. Robust health, general portliness combined with a natural rotund figure gave her quite a motherly appearance, which earned for her the sobriquet of the "Matron in Miniature"

After mourning the death of the renowned Tom for a year and nine months, Mrs Stratton tried abbreviated matrimony a second time by a union with Count Primo Magri, April 6, 1885 The count is but thirty two inches in height and weighs less than his miniature bride Like her first marriage this second one was also performed in New York city at the Church of the Holy Trinity Rev Dr Watkins officiating

Since her second marriage the late Mrs Thumb has settled down to the enjoyment of an enviable reputation but few inklings of her everyday life are given to the public.

Minnie Warren was another celebrated dwarfess. She was a sister to Mrs. Tom Thumb, and before being put on exhibition beside her sister was plain Huldah Bump Minnie was some ten years younger than Mrs Thumb and weighed 42 pounds. She was born on the Bump homestead two miles out from Middleboro Center, Mass, and early began the show business. She was married to Maj Newell in 18— and died July 23, 1878, eight hours after the birth of a girl baby weighing 6 pounds, one-seventh the weight of the little mother The baby lived but a few hours. Mother and baby were buried in the same coffin.—John W Wright in St. Louis Republic.

Beneficence is a running stream. If cash flows out of a good man's pocket it will almost miraculously flow in again Just as water rushes into a channel whose waters have to gush out Many a good man's purse is like a siphon the very emptying of which insures its refilling —Arthur Edwards

Electric Fishing Lights

The superintendent of the Madras museum has been requested by the board of revenue to visit various electrical establishments in Europe in order to select an electrical globe light to shine in twenty fathoms of water Such a light is wanted at the pearl fisheries, for, up to the present, the work of the fisheries has been confined to comparatively shallow banks.—New Orleans Picayune.

ONLY A COLLAR.

Two Little Beauties Went A Shopping and the Clerk Died That Night.

"Oh wait a moment Flo I want to step in here and get me a collar, it won't take me but just a minute"

So they went into Linnen & Cotton's, and, after stopping at various counters to price some ribbons, gloves lace, fans hairpins, buttons silk chenille saxony passementerie and slippers none of which they had any idea of purchasing they found themselves at the collar and cuff counter

"Let me see some collars, please," said Bessie.

"All linen?" asked the clerk

"Oh yes certainly all linen"

"Square or round cornered?"

"I hardly know Let me see both kinds! What kind do you like best Flo?"

"Oh, I don't know really It don't make much difference"

"No, so it don't, for '——

"What number, miss?"

"Oh, let me see! I declare if I don't always forget just what number I do wear Thirteen, I think. What number do you wear, Flo?"

"Twelve and a half"

"Do you? I shouldn't think I'd wear a larger number than you, would you?"

"I don't know"

"I suppose my neck is— No, I don't want so high a collar as that. Do you like a high collar, Flo?"

"I hardly know really"

"Of course it depends altogether on the kind of a neck one has Mine is as long as a stork's"

"Oh, Flo!"

"It is!"

"How ridiculous! I think"——

"Here is a lower collar, miss"

"Oh, that's too low Don't you think so, Flo?"

"It is rather low really"

"Of course it is, I always—oh look at these handkerchiefs back of us! Aren't they lovely?"

"Aren't they? I do love a pretty handkerchief!"

"So do I A real neat"——

"How do you like this collar miss?"

"Oh I don't like three rows of stitching at the top, do you Flo?"

"Two rows look better I think"

"So do I Let me see some with two rows"

Yes m, here's one

"Yes, I see um—um—um—somehow I don't just like that either do you Flo?

I don't know really

Looks so kind of—of—I don't know just how but I don't like it The stitching is so far apart don't you think so Flo?

"I don't know but it is

"Let me see something with only one row of stitching Oh I don't like that do you, Flo?"

"I don't know really

It don't look like it was all linen does it Flo?"

No I don't believe it does

"I'm sure it isn't I've a notion to get some ruching and let the collar go, would you?"

"Oh suit yourself dear"

"Do you like ruching?"

"Oh, yes

"I believe I will get it"

They spend half an hour at the ruching counter and then race back to the collar department, and finally emerge from the store in just eighty seven minutes after they entered it, Bessie having concluded by this time that she didn't believe she'd get the collar today anyhow," and she doesn't —Z D in Time

The First Agnostic

When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist a theist or a pantheist a materialist or an idealist a Christian or a free thinker I found that the more I learned and reflected the less ready was the answer until at last I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations except the last The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them They were quite sure they had attained a certain "gnosis"—had more or less successfully solved the problem of existence—while I was quite sure I had not and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of the Metaphysical society Most of my colleagues were ists of one sort or another I who was a man without a rag of a label to cover myself with felt like the fox who had lost his tail So I took thought and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of agnostic It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the gnostic of church history who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our society to show that I too had a tail like the other foxes To my great satisfaction the term took —Professor Huxley in Nineteenth Century

The Way We Don't Do It

Fond Sister—Why do you sit up so late, Harry? You will ruin your health

Ambitious Youth—Can't be helped sister The opportunity of my life has come I am to have an editorial position on a great Chicago paper next week and I am studying night and day to prepare for it, brushing up, you know

"Is that what you wanted of my 'Rhetoric History of Athens?'"

"Yes, I left those books at college or lost them somewhere I have been going over the entire classic course again besides studying up all the noblest models of English literature, both poetry and prose I'm bound to make my mark on my very first article if thorough preparation will do it"

Chicago Editor (a week later)—Ah! Good morning Glad to see you so prompt Ready for work, I suppose?

Ambitious Youth—Yes, sir

"Well, take that desk there and get us up a stirring editorial on 'Prights on Hogs and Hog Products'"—Philadelphia Record

A Benevolent Journalist

George William Childs the famous Philadelphia journalist, has probably received at his beautiful home more distinguished guests than have been entertained by any other American in the world, and has a list of pensioners on his bounty which would equal that of a king He is a man of placid manner and rapid movements with quiet eyes which see a great deal, and no beard to disguise an unusually pleasant mouth and a ready smile in which there is a gleam of the man's characteristic benevolence Among Mr Childs' fads is a passion for rare china in general—dainty tea cups in particular—and his collection of "egg shells" is the finest in the world —Current Literature

They Like Them Now

Horse car or tram lines are as profitable in London as elsewhere Dividends are paid by them of from 6 to 8 per cent annually and the managers of some of the lines propose to still further increase the profit by substituting electricity for the horses now used It will be remembered that George Francis Train first introduced tram cars into London in the face of bitter opposition —San Francisco Chronicle

The World as It Is.

O Schmidt—If you were a multi millionaire what would you do with your wealth?

McWhirtle—I'd build hospitals, libraries and relieve poverty wherever I found it.

Poor Woman—Please give a poor widow a penny sir My children are starving and my arm I too can as you see

McWhirtle—I can't help that go away I'll take the same this time, Barney —Detroit Free Press.

A "FLY" MONGOLIAN.

How He Got the Nickel He Claimed from the "L" Ticket Agent.

A Mongolian, who had evidently not long been a sojourner among the western barbarians got into an altercation with a ticket seller at one of the elevated railroad stations the other day He had purchased a ticket, but was under the impression that he had paid the agent a dime and that therefore five cents was still due him. The agent was firmly convinced that the Chinaman had given him only five cents and therefore had no right to demand any change

The Chinaman's knowledge of English was exceedingly limited but he was endowed with all the persistency that characterizes his race He continually used the phrase "Cheese it," evidently in the faith that the words were barbaric "cuss words" of marvelous potency

"I tell you, John," said the agent, soothingly "you gave me only a nickel, you've got your ticket and it's all right"

"Cheese it! Give me five cents," yelled the Mongolian

"I'm treating you dead square I don't owe you anything"

"Cheese it! Give me five cents."

"You've got your ticket, that's your five cents"

Cheese it! Give me five cents"

So the colloquy went on To everything that the agent said the Chinaman made only the one reply with increasing vehemence

"Cheese it! Give me five cents"

The agent, at length perceiving that it was useless to attempt to persuade the Chinaman that he had not been wronged, ceased paying any attention to him. Then the Chinaman changed his tactics. Retreating into a corner he quietly watched the passengers as they bought their tickets.

An old man came forward and planked down a dime. The ticket agent thrust forward a ticket and a nickel for change. The old man fumbled with the ticket, trying to pick it up from the smooth glass projection in front of the ticket seller's little window

It was the Chinaman's opportunity Like a cat after a mouse he darted forward and grabbed the nickel.

Come here, you thieving heathen, and bring back that nickel," shouted the enraged agent, while the old man was simply rendered speechless with astonishment

"Cheese it," yelled the fleeing Chinaman as he rushed through the open door, "me got five cents, you heap dam fool"

He hopped on board a train and was carried away, while the agent, after giving the old man another nickel thus soliloquized

"Talk about being fly! Them Chinamen can beat the devil If they are allowed to come here an honest white man won't have any show to make a living I'm dead against importing em —New York Herald

Gentlemen's Dress Fifty Years Ago

Fifty six years ago American gentlemen wore blue broadcloth coats with high rolling collars short waists, gilt buttons and long tails, with skirts cut away over the hips. Their waistcoats were very short and their pantaloons—there were no "pants" or trousers in those days—were very long and tight Yellow nankeen was the material of the former, drab or buff moleskin of the latter It was a perpetual mystery how a man got into his pantaloons and once in how he got out They came down to the very bottom of his heel and buttoned beneath his instep, giving him an uncomfortable strapped up appearance His collar was of the big side board type and his cravat was either an enormous stock of black satin or a couple of yards of white lawn wrapped in ample folds about his throat. Tight sleeves to his coat, with turned back cuffs, a beavy cane, an enormous white beaver hat and a clean shaven face, made up his ensemble Nobody wore mustaches then, and a man with whiskers was followed in the streets by a crowd —Pittsburg Bulletin.

Remarkable Restoration.

A remarkable story comes from Cardiff Wales A collier names David Davies, of Treherbert was a sufferer by a great explosion that occurred in 1880 For four years after he was confined to his bed He then gradually got about, but remained deaf and dumb from the shock. A doctor advised him to try a shock somewhat similar to that which has caused his infirmity A little while ago he placed himself near where six shots were to be fired in the Bute Pit and strange to say at the sixth shot his hearing returned to him. Still he was dumb but on a subsequent Sunday the Rev E Rowland missionary to the deaf mutes, said something to Davies which put him in a passion, and he involuntarily or instinctively made an attempt to express his anger To his amazement the power of speech came back, and he now talks freely He, however, says that speaking makes his throat sore and his tongue is made sore by his teeth —Chicago Tribune.

A Pickpocket Trick

What I suspect as a new pickpocket trick was tried on me night before last while going home on the Benton Bellefontaine Street Car line. Directly next to the seat occupied by me a lady sat. We were crowded pretty closely, as the car was packed with passengers. After the car had gone about a mile I felt a hand moving very cautiously in the side pocket of my overcoat I was astonished to see that it was the hand of the fair lady who sat next to me As soon as she saw that I had detected her hand she drew it out of my pocket, and blushingly said "Excuse me, sir but we set so close together that I thought I was putting my hand into the pocket of my cloak You can see that I have a pocket on the outside of my cloak on the same side that the pocket is on your coat It was an embarrassing mistake, but one I could not avoid" I excused her and after riding about two blocks further she left the car —St Louis Globe Democrat.

Some Old Trees

The old oak tree at Waltham which so excellent an authority as Professor Alexander Agassiz said was seven hundred years of age, has been cut down It has been dead for some time and stood in the path of modern improvement Part of the venerable tree will be preserved in the library The great oak tree at Woodbridge which was cut down a few weeks ago after an existence reckoned at from fifteen hundred to two thousand years, is to be made into chairs for the members of the Quinnipiac club, of New Haven This tree was doubtless the oldest along the Atlantic coast, although the authorities differ as to its age and the largest oak in the world Oliver Wendell Holmes said the tree was at least eighteen hundred years old and Professor Abbott of New York who made a careful examination of the monster eighteen years ago said it could not be less than two thousand years old, while Professor Eaton stands with these authorities by stating the age of the tree as ranging from fifteen hundred to two thousand years —Boston Budget

How Milk Should Be Kept

Consumers of milk are too often indifferent to their ways of keeping milk after it reaches them. When delivered in cans it is a common custom of many people to draw from the same as they need it and possibly a can may not be emptied until a fresh supply is received As soon as the milk is brought it should be poured into a glass or earthenware pitcher, and when this is emptied it should be made absolutely clean and then well aired

Those who have young children dependent upon milk food ought to receive a fresh supply of milk both morning and night otherwise in the warm months it is extremely liable to become unwholesome With but few in cities is this possible, and therefore, in summer it will be well to scald the supply when received to prevent its becoming sour —Boston Journal of Health.

A GOOD SUGGESTION

ECONOMY as wise folks say
Is wealth pronounced another way,
So while "hard times" the people cry
The Toilet Soaps they should not buy
Let all who buy such Soaps take care
To weigh the cake exact and fair
And find they pay in figures round
A dollar, more or less per pound

What course should people then pursue?
In short, the only thing to do,
Though rich in bonds or worldly poor,
The IVORY SOAP they should procure,
Which may be bought from coast to coast,
At sixteen cents per pound at most,
And does more satisfaction grant
Than all the Toilet Soaps extant.

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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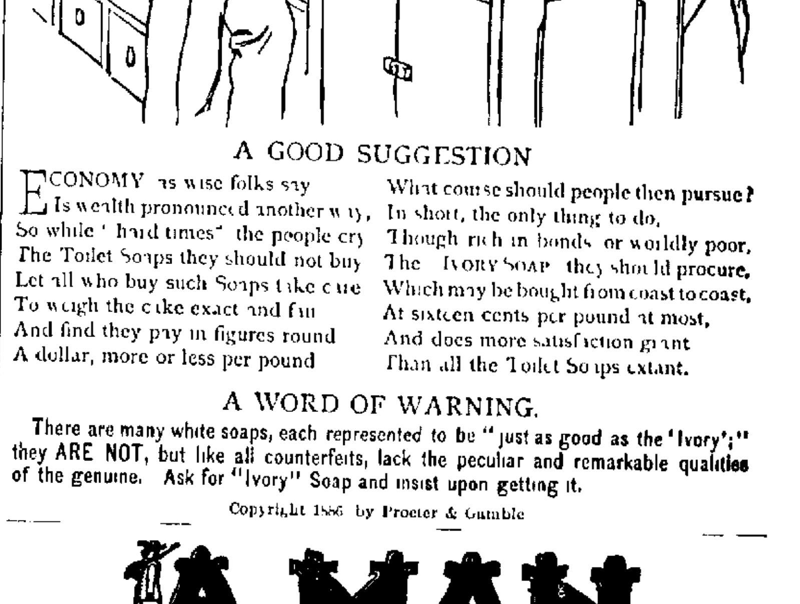
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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Not Above the Snow Line.

A bridegroom took his wife on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt with him the ascent of the highest peak The lady, who at home had never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked close to her, expostulating respecting her fears He spoke in "honeymoon whispers," but the rarefaction of the air was such that every word was audible "You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy, no matter where you were, so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?" "Yes, Charles, I did," replied she sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant above the snow line"—Ouida's Gossip

"Going, Going, Gone!"

The old time auctioneer is becoming a rare character In the larger cities of the country time is too precious for him to flourish under the old style, where a sale was a gala occasion, and an entire day devoted to the disposition of a few hundred dollars' worth of property In the hurry and scramble of the day a very little story telling and nonsense goes a long way, and the sale of thousands of dollars' worth of goods or property is accomplished with a celerity and absence of jest and long winded orations which would sadden the heart of the auctioneer of yore. The auctioneer will exist forever, but the jolly, story telling crier of public sales will soon be extinct —St Louis Globe Democrat.

A Triumph in Cookery.

"Talk about cooking birds," said George W Cobb the other day, "when I was up in the Red lake country last year with the Indians, they would take the ducks we shot and roll them in clay feathers and all, and throw them on the hot coals and ashes. After awhile when the clay was baked, we would take the bricks, or whatever you may call them out break off the clay, and, with it, all the feathers, and find the naked duck done most elegantly All the juices were retained and the meat was baked just about the third of an inch leaving the inside as tender and delicious as any meat can be There is no way of cooking game equal to this. It is the triumph of good cookery"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Penny in the Slot.

A correspondent of The New Orleans Medical and Surgical Reporter says that petroleum oil is almost universally used by the artisan and poorer classes in London as an illuminant, and the number of accidents which occur yearly with these lamps is very large Mr R W Brownhill has invented an ingenious prepaying gas meter based on the principle of the cigar, coffee and other automatic supply stands to be seen in every railway station in London. It consists of a small attachment, which can be applied to any meter and which will cause the gas to be delivered in definite quantities as paid for by pence dropped into a box. All that has to be done is to drop a penny and pull a small handle when sufficient gas for the supply of an ordinary burner for six hours will be delivered from the meter Any number of pennies may be placed in the box, one at a time, up to 144, the handle being pulled after each penny, which would insure 858 hours' gas to one burner, or a shorter supply to several.—Science.

A Horse with Eight Feet.

James McCloud, of Lodi, owns a horse on his Dakota farm which has eight feet. It is perfectly formed in all respects, except that it has eight feet. Not until the pasterns or fetlock joint is reached in the descent from the shoulder to the foot, is there any apparent difference between this horse and any other But at the pastern joint, or lower end of the shin bone, the branch begins, and two perfectly formed feet are found on each of the four legs. The horse runs on the range the same and as fast as most of them, and all eight feet are shod, or may be if desired. McCloud has refused $2,500 for a half interest in the curiosity, but he wants $5,000 outright for the whole animal.—Madison Journal.

A Snake Story with Proof.

Henry Goodale recently took up a homestead about four miles from this village, and a few days ago dug a few holes in the sand for blocks on which to build a small barn, and he unearthed 132 snakes and two swifts. The snakes were of several different varieties, huddled together, and only a few were lively enough to show their forked tongues. He has the snakes as a proof of his story, and they have not yet been killed.—East Tawas (Mich.) Special to Chicago Inter Ocean.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics, anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

☞ No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1889.

It has been at length settled that a featherweight pugilist must weigh between 116 and 126 pounds.

John Bright represented the central district of Birmingham in the British parliament. He was re-elected in 1886. By his death the district will be vacant. The eyes of the world will be fixed with interest on the election to fill the vacancy. Will it be filled by Unionist or Home Ruler.

Fifteen years ago the Argentine Republic determined to inaugurate a public school system like that of the United States. Agents were sent to this country to obtain, at a high price, young lady teachers who would become normal instructors there. Their traveling expenses thither were paid, as also their salaries, till they had mastered the Spanish language. Then they went to work building a public school system for the Spanish Americans, and it stands today as a monument to the Yankee schoolmistresses.

A nice point in legal ethics is now discussed in England. It is how far a lawyer, in the employment of the government as such, may engage in private practice. The question has been raised by the action of Sir Richard Webster, who, while attorney general for the crown, acted also as counsel for The London Times against Parnell. The question is one that has often been discussed in America. Here the attorney general of the administration would be severely condemned by public opinion who would act as counsel in a case so nearly touching, though indirectly, the government as the Parnell case did in England. Probably Sir Richard Webster himself by this time wishes he had staid out of it.

Coffee Saloons.

The coffee room, instead of the beer saloon, as a business investment, is one that is occupying some well deserved attention. It is best to look at the question in the light of a business investment and not in any sense as a charity. The coffee room was founded originally as an offset to the attractions of the beer saloon.

In Liverpool, fourteen years ago, coffee taverns were established on a business basis at first for sailors. Cheap, good food in abundance was provided, with a variety of non-intoxicating drinks. The investment never has failed to pay 10 per cent.

But it is chiefly as a social center that the coffee room is a success. A place where there are brightness, and warmth, and merry companions, is like a fountain in the desert to the tired laborer of an evening. He wants some place to go where he can be entertained. This the coffee room furnishes. It is fitted up artistically and handsomely. There is one in Liverpool that cost $50,000, and it pays dividends some years of 15 per cent. The same company own twenty-three other similar houses. One company has sixty-three such houses in Liverpool alone. The working man has a right to have a place which is attractive, where he can spend his evenings in cheerful conversation or social games. Reading rooms and dramatic and lecture halls might be added in this country. Such saloons would pay here as they have done across the water. They would furnish the good without the evil. Because the saloon, with liquor or without, furnishes their only social life to large numbers of our population.

Murder or Starvation?

Minnie Lobkuechner murdered two of her three children in New York. Her husband had deserted her and the three little boys. She worked as best she could to support them. She went out washing and scrubbing by the day, and did the coarse, heavy labor that was all she knew how to do.

Charitable societies would have taken the children and found homes for them in the west; but Minnie had heard terrible stories of the treatment of children thus sent away. In her blind, ignorant mother love she resolved that if worst came to worst they would all die together rather than be parted.

Worst did come to worst. Her boys were so small that she was obliged to take two of them with her when she went out to scrub. The youngest one fell and injured himself so badly that she had to stay at home and take care of him. Then they had nothing to eat. Minnie cried about it. Her three children were starving before her eyes. The crippled boy kept begging her not to cry, for the dear Lord would take care of them.

But no help came. The mother's reason tottered. She obtained some poison. The city furnished her drugs and medicine. She mixed the poison in whisky and gave it to the children. The youngest did not like it, and did not take enough to kill him. Minnie had determined to wait till the children were dead, and then take the poison herself. But the two elder ones suffered agonies in dying. Their cries of pain drove her wild. She lost even her fixed purpose. After they were dead she took the youngest child, went to the police station, told what she had done, and delivered herself up. Her decision that murder and suicide were better than starvation had been shaken by the agony of the boys that died. She told her story to the court just as above narrated. The court decided that she had been driven temporarily insane by misery, and was not responsible for what she had done.

Who is responsible?

A member of the New York assembly is said to be preparing a bill to incorporate the 400 who belong to first society in New York city. This is in order that the assembly may know who they are. Some of them are in the New York legislature. It is assumed that they are not capable of interpreting the needs of common people. They are therefore to be set up as an example. Unfortunate 400!

Seal Catching Thieves.

One of the last acts of the late congress was a law enacted March 2 to prevent seal poaching in Alaskan waters. It empowered the president to issue a proclamation warning off all unauthorized seal fishers in the waters of Behring's sea, subject to the jurisdiction of United States. The president is to enforce his proclamation by the constant presence in Alaskan waters of armed cruisers. Russia, on her side, has always protected the seal fisheries so effectually that no thieves of this kind ever invade her waters. Perhaps now they will find that the United States means business too. The president's proclamation has been issued.

Some protection of this kind must be afforded or the seal will disappear as the American bison and various native birds and fishes have done already.

The United States gives to the Alaska Fur Seal company the sole right to capture seal in the Behring's waters. It is the single instance of a government monopoly in this country. In return the company pays the government annually a sum sufficient to meet the interest on the $7,200,000 originally paid for Alaska.

The Alaska company are allowed to take only 100,000 seals a season, and those 2 years old. The capture must be made at the propagating colonies of the seals. In this way the valuable, harmless creatures are kept from extermination. The seal poachers, on the contrary, shoot the parent animals in the open sea, leaving the young to perish at the rookery. Under this murderous system the seal would soon be extinct and our ladies would have no more sealskin sacques.

American Athletics.

If any nation comes near being perfect, it is the Yankee race of the new time. It used to be a reproach against us that we lacked physical development. We were skinny, we were dyspeptic, we had neither teeth nor muscle, said envious cousins over seas.

If the reproach ever was true, it is so no longer. The coming American of both sexes is as splendid a specimen of physical development as the world affords. Every country village in the Union has at least its baseball club. Whatever its sins are in other respects, our national game gave a magnificent impetus to physical culture. From baseball clubs our young men went on to forming general athletic clubs for wrestling, boxing, fencing, etc. The result is that our city streets today are full of strong, fine, handsome young fellows whose bodies are as well trained as their minds.

Best of all, the girls have taken it up too. Hundreds of city girls and women think nothing of a good long swim or a walk of seven miles. They ride horseback, they row, they fence, they run, and they train with enthusiasm in gymnasiums. They play croquet, lawn tennis, and even football. The china painting craze has gone out and the physical culture craze has come in, blessed be heaven!

Paris.

Dickens was in Paris in 1856, after the great panic. People were drowning themselves every day in the Seine, because they had lost all their property. Dickens wrote to a friend: "But it is only fair to say that Paris is as brilliant as ever. What else can you expect?"

The same is true today of this extraordinary city. The crash of the copper syndicate coming on the heels of the failure of the Panama Canal company, has ruined thousands of Frenchmen. Yet $600,000 has been voted for the expenses of the fetes at the opening of the great exposition. The exhibition fund, the state and the city will contribute the money between them.

There will be in the gay city this summer doubtless more gorgeous and brilliant fetes than the world has seen in modern times, possibly ever seen.

The grand shows will begin with the formal opening of the exposition, May 6. They will continue until Oct. 6, when the awards will be exhibited.

This is the great centenary year for France. July 14, 1789, the old Bastile prison fell. July 14 is to the French what July 4 is to Americans. This year the Parisians will spend $130,000 from the municipal fund in its celebration of the fete of that day.

In considering the pros and cons of the proposition to raise the salaries of congressmen several points are to be remembered. Congressmen's wives and families are expected to do a much larger amount of entertaining than they did twenty years ago. Constituents must be welcomed, and often housed and fed. Balls and receptions are much more numerous than they used to be. It is the fashion of the time. When a congressman's wife withdraws from the whirl of the Washington season and endeavors to live plainly in the old simple fashion she is criticised. She does nothing to "help her husband along," it is said. Unless she dresses handsomely she is criticised again, even by her husband's frugal constituents.

One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Stead's new book is that in which he describes his meeting with Count Tolstoi, in Russia. Mr. Stead asked the famous humanitarian this question: "Suppose the emperor were to ask you what he should do, what would you say?" Tolstoi replied: "Nationalize the land. Declare absolute liberty of conscience, and establish liberty of the press. If these things are done, all the rest would come right."

No doubt ere many years pass it will be possible to cross the ocean between Europe and America in five days. A ship is being built that, it is claimed, will make the distance in exactly five days. From Sandy Hook to Roche's Point, the nearest distance on the other side, is 2,800 miles.

A new Inman line steamer, the City of Paris, has made twenty-one knots an hour on her trial trip. At that rate she will cross the ocean in 5 days 13 hours and 20 minutes. There is reason to believe that she will maintain this speed for steady running time.

The White Star line is now building two ships which are 580 feet long. They will be the largest regular sea going steamers yet put afloat. The Great Eastern was larger, but she was never much of anything more than a curiosity. When steamers were first made that were 500 feet long it was considered a great achievement. Now that that limit has been passed, there is no predicting where the long, black hulls will stop.

Volcanoes Under Cities.

A terrific explosion recently occurred in broad daylight, in the most thickly thronged portion of a New York city street. Huge paving stones and the heavy iron covers of several "manholes" were hurled ten feet into the air. Fortunately no one was hurt seriously.

But like explosions have taken place several times in New York and elsewhere. The liability of their recurrence must be born in mind constantly, in the present effort to bury electric wires. The explosion in New York was from a subway which the board of electrical control are constructing to convey telegraph, telephone and electric wires of all kinds under ground. But the subway is not yet completed, and there was no electrical current passing through the wires it contained. They have not yet been connected.

Much inquiry has been made to ascertain the causes of such explosions. With the vast array of dynamos, electrical wires and machines, with the return currents from all of them passing through the earth, the ground beneath our large cities must be tremendously charged with electricity at all times. Positive and negative currents pass and repass and cross. With these there must be at times leaping charges of the fluid, like lightning from a cloud. If an explosive gas is in the track of the current it will naturally take fire with tremendous force. There is always more or less underground leakage of both sewer gas and illuminating gas. It has been suggested that ventilating pipes would allow this to escape harmlessly.

The Immortal 400.

The foundations of society threaten to be broken up. A bitter quarrel has occurred between two leaders of the 400 people who compose the only fashionable society of New York. It threatens to split the set. The quarrel is over the coming centennial quadrille. There are heartburnings, there are sleepless nights. There is whitening hair, there is nervous prostration.

One great leader has informed the other that "such language from you to me, sir, cannot be tolerated." There is a story, probably not true, that the founder of the noble family of one of the leaders was a waif picked up from a shipwreck. The devout Long Islanders, seeing in the child thus saved a direct manifestation of divine Providence, named him Preserved Fish, and from him the noble family is descended.

But if now the mighty 400 split in two, some unworthy miscreants whose own fathers, instead of their grandfathers, were in trade, may slip into first society unawares. The government at Washington would then no longer live, as Garfield said, though possibly God might still reign by special favor of some of the 400.

It was said some time ago that the 400 were full, and there were no vacancies and no more would be admitted. Since then, however, Mrs. Cleveland has been permitted to squeeze in. The verdict was, "We'll admit her, though she is rawther provincial in dress and manner."

Journalists as Diplomatists.

A journalist ought to look before as well as behind. He ought to bear in mind that some day he may want to be a foreign minister, and comport himself with corresponding dignity, otherwise there will be times when the iron enters great journalists' souls and they could almost wish there was a law in this country abridging the liberty of the press. When Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice desired to fling anybody alive in his North American Review, he caused it to be done by somebody who signed the name of Arthur Richmond. But who Arthur Richmond was, the world knew not. Nor he has not been forgotten. Perhaps, now that Mr. Rice is set down for Russia, that mysterious individual will take hold and edit the North American Review.

Then there are Mr. Reid, Mr. Halstead and Mr. Eugene Schuyler. If Mr. Reid's paper had not sided with Ireland, he might have been acceptable as minister to England. If Mr. Halstead had not whirled his ponderous battle ax so dangerously near the scalps of Republican senators it would not now have assumed the shape of a boomerang. If Mr. Eugene Schuyler's pen had not been so sarcastic, he might this moment have been resting gracefully in the chair of the assistant secretary of state and adorning all he touched.

The merry comedy of "Box and Cox," at which all the world has laughed, was written by John Madison Morton. He is now a very old man and poor. He is spending his declining years in the London Charter House, the asylum in which Thackeray's gentle old Col. Newcombe answered softly "adsum" and breathed his last. Henry Irving, in London, will give a performance for the aged dramatist. Americans, too, ought to take it up. We should have theatrical entertainments here for the same purpose. A single performance of "Box and Cox" in nearly all our large cities would net a sum that would soothe the dying days of the kindly old play writer.

It looks as though the failure of the Paris copper trust might even have a political bearing. It has weakened for the time the credit of France. Russia, Austria and Italy are borrowers. France was a lender. The war preparations of Russia and Italy will be hindered for a time. They will be less civil to France. The equilibrium of Europe has been disturbed for lighter causes than this.

Manifest Destiny.

It was the dream of some of the revolutionary fathers that this republic should become the protector of the weak, the refuge for the oppressed of all nations. Something like this the Samoans still consider us to be. They lift their eyes to America, expecting she will see they get fair play from Germany. Something like this too haunted the mind of Sir George Gray, ex-governor of New Zealand, when he wrote in The Auckland Gazette recently:

America will eventually become leader of the Anglo-Saxon race, and will displace England from the position she now holds. Many eyes in this part of the world are already being turned toward America as the power that is likely to preserve the interests of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Pacific, without herself annexing anything or allowing foreigners to do so. It is clear that the center of power among the Anglo-Saxon race is shifting to America, as the center of population has already done. It is therefore unwise of England to neglect her interests in such a time of emergency. The United States does not require a standing army, and consequently the whole resources of the people so circumstanced could be devoted solely to the maintenance of a navy which would make the Anglo-Saxon race absolute masters of the world.

The Florida Orange.

What language can justly sing the praises of the Florida orange? It is the richest, juiciest, sweetest, finest flavored fruit on the market and is growing better every year.

The old world orange cannot compare with this golden globe of "cool, sweet, sugary moisture." Messina oranges are shipped to us over seas from Sicily and sold at the rate of twenty for 25 cents retail. The most inferior Florida oranges are sold sometimes—not often—as low as sixteen for 25 cents. But the Messina orange is soft, pulpy and dry. You will know it by its deep orange skin. The rind is sometimes half an inch thick. It runs to rind apparently.

The Florida orange, on the other hand, is thin skinned, like the true native American it is. The most popular variety is the russet coated.

In America over 600,000,000 oranges are consumed every year. That makes ten apiece for every man, woman and child in the country. They are not all raised in this country, however, though Florida ships annually 3,000,000 boxes. Her orange crop pays to the railways $2,000,000 on freight alone. The cost of gathering and packing the fruit is $600,000. And a first class ten acre Florida orange grove is worth $200,000. American orange culture is going to be one of our most flourishing industries.

The First Inauguration.

It required several days to journey from Baltimore to New York when Washington was president. He was inaugurated at Federal hall, New York, April 30, 1789. April 16 Washington set out in his own carriage from Mount Vernon to travel to New York. He journeyed on to Baltimore that day, rested over night, and started to Philadelphia next morning.

Not till noon of April 20 did he reach Philadelphia. He slept at Philadelphia. Trenton, N. J., was the next stopping place. Thence he proceeded to Elizabethtown. There he was taken on board a barge rowed by thirteen river pilots. In this stately way he crossed Kill von Kull and New York bay.

The vice president, John Adams, was inaugurated April 22. But there was no place grand enough in which to inaugurate the president. So the father of his country waited quietly one week, till the ornamentations were affixed to the old city hall, on the corner of Nassau and Wall streets. The congress met there.

The little senate was in a great quandary. It numbered then only twenty-two members. Should they sit or stand before the president when he came? Many were of opinion that to stand smacked too much of royalty. Others thought that to sit would not be respectful. While they were arguing the time for inauguration arrived. They were formally presented to Washington. Then all proceeded to the balcony of the old hall. The president took the oath there, in sight of the people, just as he now takes it in the open air on the steps of the east front of the Capitol.

—T. Y. McCarty has been appointed postmaster at Bucksville, and the office has been removed to his store.

—A branch of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association has been organized at Quakertown with D. Thomas as preside it.

—The Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia yesterday conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on 212 graduates.

—J. V. Randall, the Newtown carriage builder, announces in this week's sale column that he will offer at public vendue on April 24, seventy vehicles of the best make. A good chance to buy something you may need.

"When a lovely woman stoops to folly," and goes out in the snow without her India rubbers, the only art to cure her cold is to buy one bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup at 25 cents, and take it.

"Speak this speech, as I tell you, tripplingly on the tongue." Say that one of the great benefactions of the ages is a small bottle of Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain. Only 25 cents.

"TO NIGHT AND TO MORROW NIGHT, and each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough Asthma, and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c. and $1.00. Sample bottles free.

HAPPINESS AND HEALTH are important problems, the former depending greatly on the latter. Every one is familiar with the healthy properties of fruit, and no one can afford to be sick and miserable while California concentrated liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs may be had of our enterprising druggists. Jno. K Young, 55 Bath street, Agent for Bristol.

—THEY COULD NOT AGREE.—War in the ranks of the Wall Paper Manufacturers has caused a drop in prices unprecedented. We get this information from the Fidelity Wall Paper Company, of No. 12 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, who have decided to give the advantage of this reduction. They are selling some very handsome gold papers at twelve and fifteen cents.

SYRUP OF FIGS—Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

Hard Rubber Trusses, $3 each, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil—very palatable—75 cents a pint, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circulars.

Wooden tooth-picks—2500 for 5 cents, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

*Dr. Theel, the renowned Specialist has cured more cases of special, kidney, blood and nervous diseases than all others combined. The power of healing that the Doctor possesses is no doubt due to his complete, practical knowledge of the allopathic, homœopathic and eclectic system of medicine. We would advise those suffering to consult him in person or by letter. Office 538 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, April 1, 1889.

Cream Serge. Just the sort you get year after year. As creamy as ever; as wiry and springy as ever, and with the border that gives the last touch of likeableness to a dress stuff nowadays. Solid Borders, Cluster Stripe Borders—in blue, black, or red. Striking effects. 52 inches, $1 a yard.

A firm, wiry Cream Serge, 38 inches wide, at 50c. We hear of precisely the same stuff about town at 62½c.

A new line of Side-band Suitings is pure wool; close pin-stripe on melange ground. An extra quality stuff, various border effects, and 50 to 51 inches wide. $1 to $1.50.

A cotton-warp Cashmere, 45 inches wide, 37½c. In 16 Spring shades. The fun of the thing is that this is precisely the stuff some dealers are selling as Henrietta and getting a Henrietta price for. It has a Henrietta finish and most of the Henrietta graces, but $2.25 for a dress pattern (6 yards) is all you need to pay just the same.

We began the season with more than a thousand styles of Ginghams. A new coming just on the counters—fine Scotch; among them styles of borders we have'nt had before. 35 to 60c.

Have you any notion how pretty the Figured India Silks are? A Chestnut street window will help you to guess. 75c to $1.50.

Of course Gloriosa comes in Black. Too graceful, delicate—and popular not to. 46 inches, $1.25 and 1.50. Ladies who wear it say it won't spot.

We've been skipping Sateens. Never prettier. Best French, 35c; Best American, 25c; close up in fineness, figure, finish, anything. Here are one of each together. Quick, off hand — which is the French? Wrong — Yankee. American starts at 12½c.

75c Camel-hair Debeige at 50c. Very fine and soft. Light, but not too light. 40 inches wide. A choice stuff for outing or street wear. In 9 shades of gray and brown. A yard of it is as big a half dollar's worth as we know of in plain Dress Goods to-day.

Maybe a hundred more plain 50 cent stuffs at the same counter.

26 inch Umbrellas $2
28 inch Umbrellas $2.25
Some of the handles ("silver" and "gold") are worth more.

The Shopping Bag we sell most of is of genuine alligator, leather lined; two pockets inside and one outside. It's a regular $3.50 Bag, but the price is $2. Wish the factory could turn them out faster. No other store in town can get them.

Episcopal Prayer Books and Hymnals, combination sets, 65c to $11. Great variety of bindings.

Catholic Prayer Books, with outsides of many styles, 25c to $4.80.

Easter Booklets, never before so many or so pretty, 10c to 75c.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

PRINCETON, N. J., Jan. 8th, 1889.

MR. J. P. MILLS,

Dear Sir:—I have used Moffat's medicines in every kind of sickness. Have always found them to be what was needed, giving relief as soon as they had time to act. I saved a child's life, when it was not quite six years old after two doctors had given it up, by powdering two of Moffat's pills, dissolving them in a little water and giving the solution as an injection, and in less than one hour he was out of danger. He is living yet and is about 40 years old. Having used Moffat's medicines since June 1838 I think I ought to be entitled to wholesale prices. Anyhow please send me, by Adams Express the following, at your lowest cash price, with the bill so I can remit by return mail: 12 bottles Moffat's Bitters; 24 boxes Moffat's Pills, plain (not coated); 2 boxes of Page's Climax Salve. Yours respectfully,

MRS C. M. ZAPP,
Cor. Canal and Dickinson Sts.,
Princeton, Mercer Co., N. J.
P. O. Box 182.

Genuine Ceylon Cinnamon is very much better than the ordinary, and sells for 25 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

*PERSONAL.—A young lady of seventeen summers, highly educated refined, and prepossessing appearance, desires to form the acquaintance of some nice young man whom she would advise, if troubled with dyspepsia to use that great blood purifier, Sulphur Bitters.

Miscellaneous

SHOES! SHOES!

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

A large stock of Gents', Boys', Youths', Ladies' Misses' and Children's Fall and Winter Shoes. I have taken great pains to select the best styles and quality, at lowest prices.

Gents' Shoes.

A good sewed shoe, Lace, Button or Congress, for $2.00.
A fine Calf Shoe, Lace or Congress, $2.50, 3.00, 3.50, and 4.00.
Extra fine calf hand-sewed Common Sense, $3.00
Policemen's Shoes, $2.50.

Boys' Shoes.

Boys' stylish calf shoes, Lace and Button, sizes 2½ to 5½, $1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00.

Youths' Shoes.

Youths' Calf, Lace or Button, sizes 11 to 2—$1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.25.

Ladies' Shoes.

Ladies' Fine Kid, round or common sense toe, worked button-holes, $1.75 and 2.00.
Old Ladies' Kid Lace shoes, $2.00 and 2.50.
Oil Pebble Button shoes, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50
Best Dongola Kid, round, square and common sense toe, $3.25 and 3.50.
Finest Paris Kid, hand-sewed, $4.00 and 5.00.
Handsome straight grain foxed, Kangaroo top, hand-sewed, $5.00.
Genuine cork sole and water-proof lining, hand-sewed, $5.50.
A splendid line of French Calf, Button and Lace, $6.00 and 7.00

Misses' Shoes.

Misses' Pebble Shoes, heels and springs, sizes 11 to 2, $1.25.
Misses' Fine Kid high cut, heels and springs, $1.50, 1.75 and 2.00.
Misses' Calf foxed shoes, wedge heels, $2.50.
Misses' straight grain shoes, heels and springs, $2.50.
Misses' fine high cut Lace, $2.00.

Children's Shoes.

Child's Kid and Pebble, heels or springs, sizes 8 to 10½, worked button-holes, $1.00, 1.25, 1.50 and 1.75.
Child's straight grain, spring heels, $2.00.
Child's Calf foxed, spring heels, $2.00.
Child's straight grain, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, $1.50.
Child's Kid and Pebble, spring heels, sizes 4 to 8, 75c, 90c, $1.00 1.25 and 1.50.
Infants' Shoes, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and 1.25.

MEN'S BOOTS—$2.50, 3.00 and 3.50.
RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES—Measures taken.

Remember we have no old stock. Call and see for yourself, at

T. A. FARLEY'S,
No. 3, Bath Street, Bristol.

EVERYTHING

IN CONNECTION WITH

Real Estate.

A. Weir Gilkeson,

Attorney at Law.

BRISTOL, PA.

SECRETARY OF THE

Bristol, Fidelity

AND

UNION BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

Real Estate Rented and Sold,
Mortgages Negotiated,
Surveying,
Fire Insurance.

WELL!

Now is the chance to get bargains in

Groceries, Provisions

AND

CANNED GOODS,

as they must be sold,
So stop in and see what we have.
Store opened from 5.30 a. m. to 8 p. m. Friday and Saturday later.

Respectfully,

Bloomsburg Grocery,

Wood and Dorrance Streets,
Bristol, Pa.

J. M. MACCORKLE, Manager.

DR. J. T. STRADLING,
DENTIST,
No. 21 Market Street;
Bristol, Penna.

FOR SALE.—HOUSE AND STABLE, CORNER of Dorrance and Cedar Streets. Apply to CHARLES W. PEIRCE.

FOR RENT.—BRICK HOUSE ON MULberry street. Apply WM. E. LAING.

Miscellaneous

CARPETS.

Our Spring Stock of Carpets now on exhibition and sale, is one of the largest and choicest we have ever shown. We are offering special inducements in the way of prices. Those furnishing new homes would do well to consult us.

We offer

INGRAINS,	-	at 35 cts. per yard and upwards
3-PLYS,	-	at 85 cts. " " "
TAPESTRIES,	-	at 50 cts. " " "
BRUSSELS,		at 85 cts. " " "
VELVETS,	-	at $1.00 " " "
MOQUETTES (Mottled)		at $1.00 " " "
MOQUETTES (Figured)		at $1.25 " " "
WILTON'S,	-	at $1.60 " " "
AXMINSTERS,		at $2.00 " " "

MATTINGS $4.00 per roll (40 yds.) and upwards.

OIL-CLOTHS from 3 to 18 ft. wide at prices ranging from 85 cts. to $1.25 per square yard.

LINOLEUMS, LIGNUMS, and LIGNITECTS, similar to oil-cloth in appearance and very durable.

ART SQUARES, MATS, RUGS, and DRUGGETS in all sizes and prices.

Carpet Department, 2nd 3rd Floors,
Filbert Street Front.

STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER,

PHILADELPHIA.

DeWITT BROS,

Pond Street.

Ornamental & Shade Trees

—OF—

EVERY DISCRIPTION,

—FOR THE—

LAWN & GARDEN.

Just the Time to Plant.

A dozen Best Varieties of GRAPE VINES, including all of the Best White, from 25 cents each up, will fruit next year.

Early Truck and Vegetables of Our Own Raising.

Pansies, Daisies, Violets, Forget-me-nots and Roses

BY THE 1,000.

Now is the time to plant them to secure good results. Thousands of plants in bloom.

For EASTER our stock is Larger, Better and Cheaper than ever. Two more new houses filled entirely with new stock. You are invited to examine our plants.

BUYER. Persons desiring goods of any kind purchased in Philadelphia or New York can have orders promptly filled by applying to C. V. TILYOU, 144 N. 4th Street.
☞ Samples on hand.

McCallum & Sloan,

1012 and 1410 Chestnut St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

CARPETS:

Axminster, Wilton,
Moquette, Brussels,
Tapestry, Ingrain,—
In New Designs and Colorings.

A Special Line of

PER YARD.

Wiltons at	$1.75	$2.00	$2.25
Moquette at	1.25		
Brussels at	1.00	1.10	1.25
Tapestry at	.60	.65	.75
Ingrain at	.50	.65	.75

ART SQUARES,
OIL CLOTHS,
LINOLEUMS.

HOGUET'S

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

Pioneer Drug Store!

Nos. 13& 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.

The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1841.)
By the present proprietor.
A large stock of first class
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.

Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.

☞ Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.

L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist

PROSPECTUS.

DO NOT DELAY YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FOR LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, which now stands in the front rank of monthly publications and occupies the position of

A LEADER AMONG LEADERS.

Each number contains A COMPLETE NOVEL, also a liberal quantity of miscellaneous matter of an interesting and instructive nature. One year's subscription gives a

LIBRARY OF 12 COMPLETE NOVELS

by American authors, together with AN ABUNDANCE OF SHORT STORIES, POEMS, ESSAYS, and matters of unusual interest to general readers, making a volume of

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The success of LIPPINCOTT'S stands unprecedented in the annals of Magazine publishing, and to-day its familiar title is welcomed in every hamlet, village, town, and city throughout the United States.

The best writers of the age have been secured and new features will, from time to time, be added which will give to LIPPINCOTT'S

A DISTINCTIVE PLACE OF ITS OWN.

Amélie Rives, Edgar Saltus, John Habberton, Edgar Fawcett, Captain Charles King, U. S. A., Grace King, M. Elliott Seawell, Selina Dolaro, Maurice Barrymore, Odds, and many others will contribute to its pages for 1889. For full prospectus, address Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia. 25 cents single number. $3.00 per year. Send for sample copy.

TO RENT.—THE LARGE ROOM NO. 5 Radcliffe street, now used as a pool room. Apply at the Delaware House.

TREES FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL. HEDGING, SHRUBS, GRAPES, SMALL FRUITS. A FULL ASSORTMENT. ORNAMENTAL STOCK and BEARING AGE TREES a specialty. Descriptive catalogues free. W. H. MOON, Morrisville, Penna.

FOR RENT.—TWO SMALL BRICK HOUSES on Radcliffe street, opposite St. Mark's Church. Apply to CAPT. WM. J. JONES.

To the Citizens of Bristol—

HAVING OPENED A

Stove & Tin Store,

COR. MILL AND LOND STS.,

You will find there all kinds of

House Furnishing Goods,

—INCLUDING—

TINWARE of all kinds,
Dairy-ware, Agate-ware.

Tin Roofing and Spouting

Promptly attended to and executed in the neatest manner, with the best materials.

Plumbing and Gas Pipe Fitting

In all its branches. All kinds of repair work, pertaining to Heaters Stoves Wash Boilers, Tinware, etc., at short notice.
Water and Steam Pipes repaired.
Milk Cans made to order.
Estimates cheerfully furnished to contractors.

LIPPINCOTT'S.

ELEGANT PHOTOGRAPHS
CABINETS $2 PER DOZ.
Chandler & Scheetz,
828 ARCH ST.,
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Opposite Young Men's Christian Association Building
PHILADELPHIA.

READ THIS!

Upper Lehigh

—AND

Lattimer

COAL

Of all sizes and best qualities.

Dry Kindling Wood,

HARD AND SOFT,
$2.00 Cart-load.

C. W. PEIRCE,

Cor. Washington and Canal streets.
BRISTOL, PA.,
☞ Near the Rolling Mill.

BUCKS COUNTY

TRUST COMPANY

DOYLESTOWN, PA.

Authorized Capital,	$250,000
Capital Paid in,	125,000
Surplus Fund,	14,000
Resources, Nov. 1888,	350,000
Trust Fund, Not in Above,	126,347

This Company is authorized by its charter to act as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, Assignee, Committee, Receiver, Agent, &c., and for the faithful performance of such duties its capital is liable.

It insures owners of real estate, or mortgagees, against loss by reason of defective titles.

It receives money on deposit subject to check.

All Trust Investments are kept separate and distinct from the Assets of the Company.

Interest is allowed on certificates of deposit; also on running accounts, by special agreement.

Receives special deposits of trust funds and allows interest on the same. An Act of Assembly authorizes Trustees to deposit with the Company.

Collects checks, notes, drafts, coupons, &c. Buys and sells stocks, bonds, and other securities, serving its depositors in these capacities without charge.

Becomes sureties for trustees or public officers.

Safety boxes in burglar and fire-proof vaults for rent, and valuables taken on storage at moderate rates.

Wills receipted for and safely kept without charge.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1889.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

– Council meets on next Monday evening.

– B. F. Gilkeson, Esq. was in Washington on Monday

– A band of gypsies passed through Bristol this morning.

– Joseph W. Bloomsburg leaves Bristol for Tacoma next Monday.

– Remember the Pansy Tea at the Presbyterian church to-night.

– Joseph Heston and Fremont Darned have returned from Florida

– The Rev. D. T. Firor of Palmyra, N. J. will occupy the Baptist pulpit next Sunday.

—I. P. Crichton is superintending the erection of a $10,000 Mission school building at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

—Henry I. Shippy, superintendent of the Roebling Sons wire cable manufactory was in Bristol this morning.

—The next meeting of the Shakespeare Club will be held at the residence of Francis Fenimore on Radcliffe street

—The Ralph Ward Comedy Company will present "The Land of Gold," on the opening night of their engagement here.

—The goods belonging to the late Mechanics' Mutual Improvement Club were sold at auction last Saturday, and brought fair prices

—The Misses Douglass will open a dry goods and notion store, on Mill street, in the room just vacated by Baumgartner, who has returned to Trenton.

—A tea and coffee house will shortly be started in Bristol by Philadelphia parties. It will be located in John Bostwick's store room on Mill street.

—Rev. Charles F. Raine, of the Crozer theological seminary, declines the call to the Bristol Baptist church. He will shortly sail for Central Africa as a missionary.

—Miss Sadie A. Richardson, of Tullytown, has purchased of James Brudon the dwelling on Wood street, between Dorrance and Washington, and next to Simon's store, for $1300.

—Some half a dozen tramps had a hearing this morning before 'Squire Louderbough charged with stealing rides on the Pennsylvania railroad, and building fires on private property

—Edwin Booth, the eminent tragedian, was stricken by paralysis while playing at Rochester, N. Y. last night. His physician speaks hopefully of the case and says he may recover if he takes a long rest.

—Some Bridgeton, N. J. capitalists have about closed negotiations for the purchase of the steamboat Canonicus to run between Bridgeton and Philadelphia. Joseph Q. Bloomsburg, of this borough will continue to act as engineer,

—The North American suggests that Chas. Emory Smith be appointed to the German mission. Mr. Smith is a gentleman that would ably represent this country at Berlin, and we are confident the President could not find a better man for the position.

—The Merchants Protective Association took in four new members at their meeting last night The black list, which has been in preparation for some time, was presented; it contains about one hundred and fifty names of persons who are not to be trusted.

—The Ralph Ward Comedy Company will open a week's engagement at the Bristol Opera House beginning on Monday evening next. The Company contains two great favorites of Bristol audiences, Mr. John J. Kennedy, who is universally acknowledged to be one of the most versatile actors on the American stage, and Miss Leanora Hasson, the beautiful and accomplished singing soubrette, who enjoys a high reputation gained by her genius and merit. The repertoire includes novelties that are sure of winning the approval of the audiences that attend.

—Rev. Quincy L. Morrow addressed a large audience at the Bristol Opera House, last Sunday, in behalf of the Constitutional amendment prohibitory of the sale and manufacture of liquor. Some two or three hundred people were present in the afternoon, and in the evening there were fully eight hundred in the audience. His evening address was the most logical and interesting of the two. "Hard times," he claimed, was not the result of over-production, but the result of people not being able to buy what they needed, by reason of the money worse than squandered in the purchase of liquor. Good times would result if the saloons were closed and the money spent for rum was invested in bread and clothing and furniture. He said that the Maine and Kansas prohibitory laws were not failures, and that a prohibitory amendment could be enforced in this State. While the most of his illustrations and anecdotes had a chestnutty flavor, they were apropos to the subject and delighted the audience. A large choir, under the leadership of Mr. Harry Bradfield, who presided at the organ, rendered excellent music for the occasion.

—A meeting of the Burgess and Council for the purpose of organizing was held on Monday at 10 o'clock in the morning, at which hour the Burgess, William P. Wright, with a tap of his ebony gavel called the Council to order. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. W. B. Baker; Treasurer, James Wright; Borough Attorney, B. F. Gilkeson; Town Clock Keeper, B. C. Foster; Surveyor, A. Weir Gilkeson; Pound Keeper, Charles Saxton; Fire Warden, Wm. Barnhill. The appointment of police was referred to the police committee. The time of meeting was fixed the same as heretofore; the selling of the wharves was referred to the committee on public property; the salaries of officers were fixed as follows: Treasurer, $25, Clerk, $100, Attorney, $50, Clock Keeper, $20. The rules for the government of Council were referred to the committee on rules. The Burgess announced the standing committees as follows: Finance, James Wright, J. M. Callanan, R. S. Porter; Street, W. B. Baker, H. Rue, J. M. Callanan. Fire, A. K. Joyce, P. R. Deihl, W. R. Bailey; Poor, H. Rue, S. J. Sterling, C. F. Brudon; Public Property, J. M. Callanan, James Wright, J. T. Riley; Sanitary and Nuisance, P. R. Deihl, S. J. Sterling, John Lumm. Ordinance, W. B. Baker, H. Rue, W. R. Bailey; Police, J. T. Riley, A. K. Joyce, C. F. Brudon; Rules, C. F. Brudon, A. K. Joyce, R. S. Porter. The Council approved the committees, authorized a temporary loan of $1,000 and then adjourned.

—We have had about a year of High License in Pennsylvania. It has worked well. The number of saloons has been diminished, drinking has decreased, the number of arrests for violation of the law have been fewer and the general good order in society has been advanced. These facts are self evident to the careful observer. The law as it stands restricts the sale of liquor. It prohibits its sale to minors and drunkards. It is a good law and the penalties for its violation are severe. If its provisions were enforced throughout the commonwealth it would leave but little to be desired by the most radical temperance advocate.

But the trouble is in its enforcement. Some of those who are prohibited from being sold to, somehow manage to get drink. Minors even in this quiet town of Bristol have been observed under the influence of liquor. Drunkards manage to find sufficient to get intoxicated frequently enough to prove that the law is not enforced. This is not the fault of the statute, but is in violation of it.

Will a constitutional prohibition amendment do any better? The Rev. Mr. Morrow who spoke in the Opera House on Sunday, in favor of the amendment, claimed, in one breath, that the present law was enforced, and took the ground that a prohibitory amendment would stand just as good a chance of vigorous enforcement, and in the next he charged that the saloon was the ruin of the boys, the despoiler of homes, and the resort of the drunkard. One of the two statements was incorrect. If the drunkards and the minors are sold liquor, the law is violated. If they are not, the law in that particular is enforced. If the law is violated a prohibitory amendment would be violated as easily. If it is not violated a prohibitory amendment is not needed to save the boys or reform the drunkards. The question should be looked at calmly and dispassionately in order that each voter may intelligently cast his ballot as seems to him the best for his own and his neighbors' interests. If he sees that "the curse of rum" is limited by reason of the present law within very narrow boundaries, he had better pause before he gives a helping hand to tear them down that others may be built, which, upon trial, might not prove as efficacious.

—Murat Halstead is an Ohio Editor. He has brains, sagacity, vim and courage. The paper he edits with vigor is impressed with his individuality. Some years ago Mr. Halstead saw through a very plain piece of rascality practiced by the Democratic members of the Democratic Legislature of Ohio. The fraud was glaring and any man of ordinary sense, who was not blinded by prejudice could see the same thing that Halstead saw as plain as a pikestaff. The Legislature of Ohio in 188 was composed of a sufficient number of Democrats who were pledged to return George H. Pendleton to the United States Senate, but when the Democratic caucus met four of them, sufficient to turn the scale, suddenly gave the caucus vote to Mr. Payne, and the latter gentleman was chosen. The charge was then made that these four men were bribed with Mr. Payne's money. The Ohio Legislature asked the United States Senate to rigidly investigate the right of Mr. Payne to a seat in that body. The Senate failed to do so. The Republican Senators who were opposed to the investigation were severely scored by Mr. Halstead's caustic pen, and the Senate's refusal now to confirm his appointment to Berlin is an attempt to "get even" with the famous Ohio editor. Mr. Payne's term of office expires in 1891. Mr. Halstead may take his place Stranger situations than that take place daily in the kaleidoscope of American politics.

—At the earnest solicitation of a number of the most prominent citizens of Philadelphia, Prof. Herrmann the world-famed magician, has been prevailed upon to play a return engagement this season, and to that end has made arrangements whereby he will play in that city for one week only commencing Monday, April 8th, at his own theatre on Broad St., at which time he will present his marvellous repertoire including the famous Black Art spectacular mystery which has caused so much consternation and astonishment, among the most prominent theatregoers of the cities Mr. Herrmann has illustrated it. It may be incidentally remarked that this is not an ordinary trick but a genuine spectacle presented with beautiful scenic, calicum and electrical effects. The Prof will also give his wonderful Cremation act which proved so successful last week at the Chestnut street Opera House and there is probability that the Broad Street theatre will be packed from pit to dome during this brilliant engagement.

—The Art Amateur for April has for one of its colored supplements a superb study of red apples on a bough. Full directions are given for copying this plate. The other colored supplement is for china painting—a fern design for a cup and saucer. Professor Ernest Knaufft gives the second of his series of profusely illustrated papers on "Pen Drawing for Photo-Engraving," invaluable for the student who aspires to be an illustrator of books and magazines. Some artistic interiors are illustrated, and Bruce Price, the decorator, gives some useful hints about the use of gilding and the lighting of rooms. Several other interesting articles complete the number.—The excellent series of monograms is resumed, and other china painting and other designs are given with the usual profusion — Price 35 cents. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

—Mrs. Woodbridge, of Ravenna, Ohio secretary of the World's W. C. T. U., is to be the evening speaker at the Yardley convention on the 13 inst. Mrs. Swift, president of the Penna. State Union; Mrs. Downs, president of New Jersey; Mrs. Tudor a national superintendent, of Baltimore, and Mrs. Leeds and Mrs. Dr. French, of Philadelphia, are all expected to be present to take part in the exercises. It bids fair to be the largest group of talented women that ever assembled at one time in Bucks county.

—In all the movements for conferring the right to vote on women in this country, it is proposed to grant unrestricted suffrage. Where the suffrage is exercised in other countries it is confined to unmarried women and who own property or pay taxes. It is thus limited in England, Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Manitoba.

—H. D. Livezey has contracted to build for W. T. Rogers, of Doylestown township, what will be one of the finest poultry houses ever erected in the county. The house will have a frontage of 50 feet and depth of 16 feet. The whole front will be faced with glass.

—There were 1 043 tramps lodged at the tramps lodging house in Trenton during the month of March. This goes ahead of any month since the place was opened.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

TACOMA, MARCH 25, 1889.

ED. GAZETTE:—I could not help smiling at the enterprise in old Bristol after reading the GAZETTE of the issue of March 14, announcing the price paid for real estate at a recent sale there. Ernest Lawrence, I read, bought a lot on one of the principal streets, 100 feet square, for $1,850. If Mr. Lawrence could transfer that lot from the corner of Pond and Lafayette streets and place it in a similar locality in Tacoma, he could get a ready purchaser for it at $25,000. Lots on Pacific avenue, the main business thoroughfare, are eagerly sought for at $1,000 a front foot; residence lots are a little cheaper. Persons who have always resided in Bristol, or its vicinity, have no idea what the real estate business is. In Bristol I can call to mind but one real estate office. Here in Tacoma, a town with not quite three times your population, there are about one hundred and twenty-five firms, mostly comprising two or three members, who deal exclusively in realty. "Real Estate," "Real Estate," "Lots," "Lots!" It permeates the entire atmosphere of the city. It is the principal theme in everybody's mind. Men, women and children talk, read and study about it. The rich and poor alike. In shops, factories, hotels and homes. It is a common sight to see laboring men sitting on a railing or leaning up against a building studying a plat of some addition. Riding in the street cars you hear the same thing. The ladies talk to each other about "our lots," and how they have increased in value.

A short time ago a new and desirable addition was to be placed on the market on a certain day, the sale to commence at a stated hour in the morning; and it is a positive fact that crowds of men stood in front of that real estate office all night long, in the rain, in order to be on hand to get their choice when the doors opened. There are hundreds of men in this city who three or four years ago only had a few dollars, who are now worth thousands, many of them ignorant, illiterate men, but happened to buy a little land when prices were low. As a sample of the advance in price of lots, I will give a common instance. The First Presbyterian Church bought two lots on C street, (about such a locality as Wood street, Bristol) three years ago, for $3,000, on long time payments. It was sold a few weeks ago by the trustees for the sum of $50,000. It is the same all through the list. A transfer of real estate amounting to $100,000 excites no comment. The sales in Tacoma from January 1st, 1889, up to March 20, amounted to $4,390,911, which is over a million dollars more than was transacted in Portland in the same time.

But real estate dealers are not the only people making money. All capital invested is reaping grand rewards. Those who have been successful here show their continued faith in the city's future by spending immense amounts in the further improvement of their business. In one locality alone, on three of the four corners of the two streets, there are three business blocks being erected by old residents, at an aggregate cost of $100,000. Almost every day there are articles of incorporation filed for some industrial enterprise, and individuals searching for localities to erect factories, etc.

The Tacoma Terminal Company has just been incorporated, with a capital of one million of dollars, which will increase the terminal facilities of the Northern Pacific in Tacoma, by building more car and repair shops. A large flouring mill is in the course of erection, which will have no superior on the coast. The Light and Water Company have appropriated $200,000 for the improvement and extension of the city lighting and water service. This company owns the electric light plant and the gas and water works. Fire patrol boxes are to be placed at once in all parts of the city. Thirty thousand dollars per month is being expended on the streets. A $200,000 smelter for reducing ore, is nearly completed. Three new coal bunkers are being erected at the wharves at a cost of $57,000. A number of ships are always at these bunkers loading coal for foreign ports. Three hundred thousand dollars will be expended this year by the Tacoma Street Railway Company in extending their lines, and in constructing electric and cable roads. The cars for the new electric railway are being constructed by the Pullman Palace Car Company. G. H. R. Preble, an electrical engineer, in the employ of the Sprague Equipment Company, making preparations for the construction of this line.

A match and ice factory is to be a new acquisition, and a shop for the manufacture of steam railroad track laying machines. In fact, all kinds of manufacturing establishments are constantly springing up, besides those already in operation, which include foundries, machine works, number of lumber mills and sash and door factories, spice mills, breweries, soap, trunk, candy, cigar and furniture factories, etc.

Entire attention is not devoted to business. Many organizations for the pursuit of pleasure have been formed. A fine driving park has been laid out, where weekly races take place and attract large numbers of spectators. A boat club has been organized, with a capital of $10,000, and plans of a magnificent club house have been drawn, and will be immediately erected. A great regatta has been arranged for May 18th, when O'Conner, ex-champion of America, Gaudaur and others have signified their intention of entering the sculling contest. The Tacoma Guards are the finest militia organization in the State, possessing trophies won at competitive drill. The Tacoma Guard Silver Band furnishes splendid military music. The Tacoma Wheelman have several prizes won at races in Seattle, and the Tacoma Rod and Gun Club have a rifle range, and have challenged any club west of the mountains, for rifle shooting. The Tacoma Indian Band, composed of young Indians from the Puyallup reservation, furnishes good music. Numerous social organizations exist, including dramatic clubs, literary societies. James Freeman Clark Fraternity and the Optimist Club give musical and literary entertainments once a week. The latter gave a moonlight excursion down the Sound a week or so ago. On Summer evenings splendid concerts are given every evening and a ball once a week, at "The Tacoma," the palace hotel.

George Francis Train certainly rightfully named Tacoma "The City of Destiny."

JOS. S. THOMAS.

*As a perfectly safe and reliable tonic to regulate the bowels, and renovate the system Laxador is just the thing. At druggists. Price 25 cts.

The rising generation ought to be protected against the stupefying influence of paregoric or laudnum. We call the attention of all mothers to the fact that Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is absolutely harmless. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Yaquina bay, on the Oregon coast, will soon become an important harbor for ships. The government is deepening and improving it.

People of the United States should build a beautiful monument at Washington to John Bright, the great commoner, the friend of America.

It has become known that the father of his country was an ardent admirer and patron of the theatre. He was a front row man in his day.

A grave question is at present agitating the warlike breasts of private soldiers stationed at the various United States forts. It is whether they are enlisted for the purpose of blacking officers' boots.

The Canadian government last year steered around the fisheries difficulty by issuing licenses to American vessels pending the settlement of the questions in dispute. The same plan will be pursued this year.

Lord Roseberry, the cherub faced young British nobleman who married a daughter of the Rothschilds, has invented a phrase. He is a member of the new county council of London. He says the council will administer the affairs of London in accordance with a policy of "daring caution." The phrase is a good one, taken in connection with city improvements everywhere. "Daring caution" is just what is wanted.

John Bright.

The melancholy message flashed across the ocean: "John Bright is dying," sent a thrill of sadness through all America. In him a stanch friend of America and freedom passed over to the majority. The service John Bright rendered the United States in our war we must never forget. In the time of our direst need he, John Stuart Mill and Richard Cobden kept the sentiment of the English common people faithful to the American Union. Through this influence, even when they were suffering for want of work, owing to the stoppage of the cotton mills, the weavers of Manchester gave their sympathy and moral support to the American nation in its struggle for life.

Together, shoulder to shoulder, arm in arm, John Bright and Gladstone have wrought together for human progress during almost two generations. Twice the two great men differed. In the beginning of the American war Gladstone sympathized with the south. He declared that Jefferson Davis had created a nation. He lived to see his mistake and acknowledged it grandly and graciously.

Once more the two divided, in 1885. This time Gladstone went ahead and declared for Irish home rule in local affairs. There grand old John Bright could not follow. He withdrew quietly from any very active participation in political affairs. But his friendship for Gladstone continued to the end.

Avoiding Railroad Strikes.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams contributes an interesting paper to the April Scribner on this subject. The railway interests of the country have becomeso vast that a strike on a road becomes a public calamity. A railroad company, says Mr. Adams, performs immediate public functions. Therefore the ordinary relations between employer and employed cannot obtain in its case. On account of the magnitude of the interests involved, therefore, every means should be taken to avoid strikes.

In 1886, the Union Pacific railroad, of which Mr. Adams was president, with a capital of $275,000,000, controlled 5,150 miles of road. On its pay rolls it carried a maximum of 14,000 men in summer and 12,000 in winter. Taking this road as his example, Mr. Adams tells how he would avoid strikes.

He divides a railway management into five departments. The most important of these is the department which operates the road. The vast majority of the employes belong to this department, such as conductors, engineers, brakemen, switchmen, etc.

Mr. Adams would inaugurate a system of permanency and regular promotions somewhat like that of the army and navy, except that the employe should, of course, be at liberty to resign at will. The employes should be strictly separated into the permanent and the temporary corps. The permanent corps would be those constantly employed. The temporary one would be the class irregularly employed. Promotions to the permanent class should only be made from the temporary one, and that only after full trial. This system is at present in successful operation in the United States postal railway service.

Further, there should be gradually increased pay with length of service. If a conductor had been in a company's service five years at $100 a month, then his pay might be raised to $105 a month. With each five years of service $5 a month could be added to the pay..

Then a fund should be raised, contributed to partly by employes, partly by the company. Only men of the permanent corps should be allowed to contribute. This fund would be for pensioning retiring men and for paying expenses in case of sickness, accident or death.

Finally, a board of counsel and arbitration should be chosen from both employers and employed. In this board the president of the road would meet on equal terms representatives of his employes. A permanent arbitrator should be selected by both sides, to whom difficult questions should be referred. His judgment would be final.

The interstate commerce commission has decided two points recently. One is that when a railroad company makes different rates for the same distances on different branches of its road, it must justify them by showing there is a difference in the cost of carrying on the different branches. Secondly, a company which has two routes between points cannot lawfully charge more for a shorter than for a longer distance on either.

Chicago wants an outside harbor along the lake side with piers for steamers and schooners. Ever since the great town ceased to be a swamp, vessels have passed up into the heart of the city by the branches of the Chicago river, that run through like great arteries. Drawbridges connected the streets, and vessels passed to and fro while the bridges were open, and the people waited. The precious time and money lost in this way can never be estimated. Chicago proposes to change it now.

(For the Gazette.)

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

The question of the hour is the Prohibition question. Shall I cast my ballot for or against the Prohibitory Amendment on the 18th of next June is the problem which confronts every voter? How can any citizen be lukewarm or indifferent, or any newspaper be silent, about an issue which touches the well-being of every citizen and of every household? How can any one hesitate on which side to place himself, when the issue is so sharply defined, temperance, sobriety, morality, and happy homes on one side, and on the other the rum traffic with all its attendant evils, vice, crime, poverty and wretchedness. What benefit has the rum traffic ever been to our State or to her people, that any man should hesitate to vote for its suppression? Pennsylvania expends from fifty to seventy millions of dollars annually for intoxicating drinks and is one citizen really benefitted thereby? Not one; while many thousands are bankrupted, in purse, in health, and in morals. Were all breweries and distilleries closed, and the capital employed therein, and the millions expended for their products turned in to the channels of legitimate trade, the hungry would all be fed; the ragged, well clad; and the laborer's home made comfortable and attractive. The opponents of the Amendment try to befog the question with all manner of side issues, but let no voter be deceived thereby. The Amendment is brief and explicit, and a vote against it is simply a vote for the continuance of the liquor traffic as it exists to-day, a plague spot in every town and village, impoverishing the working-man, demoralizing the young, breeding crime and political corruption, and bringing sorrow and shame and desolation to so many otherwise happy homes. Let every man who loves his country, his fellow-men, and those of his own household, look this question squarely in the face and then he certainly cannot fail to cast his ballot for the Amendment.

"Miss Brown would be a charming girl," I heard a young man say,
"If she had a good complection, and those spots would go away
But they spoil her looks completely." If Miss Brown would only take
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, what a happy change 'twould make.
It would drive out all the humors from her blood and make it pure
And the blemishes complained of disappear be very sure.
This medicine is the great purifier of the blood, and disfiguring eruptions and blotches will soon vanish when it is used.

*INTERESTED PEOPLE.—Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c. and $1 00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

*POOR BUT HONEST.—Charlie Sullivan is a poor but honest Irish lad, who, while walking down Washington street, found a wallet containing checks and money to the value of several hundred dollars. Although almost destitute, he returned it to its owners Messrs. A. P. Ordway &Co., proprietors of Sulphur Bitters, who gave him a liberal reward and also six bottles of Sulphur Bitters for his mother, who has been a terrible sufferer with rheumatism, who returned many blessings after being cured by their use.—Weekly World.

To Families—Never be without Moffat's Life Pills in the house. Page's Climax Salve is a household blessing. Use Moffat's Life Pills and Page's Climax Salve. There can be no sickness if Moffat's Medicines are used. For sale by all druggists everywhere.

Strictly Pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, 15 cents a quarter pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the spring and summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3 00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Window Glass of all sizes and at low prices, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

DIED.

TROWER.—On April 3, 1889, Jane E., wife of John S. Trower and daughter of the late Charles B. and Grace Ann Johns.

Funeral on Sunday at 1.00 p. m., from No. 4908 Main street, Germantown.

New Advertisements

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York City.

*DON'T GET CAUGHT.—This spring with your blood full of impurities, your indigestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease — but get yourself into good condition and ready for the changing and warmer weather by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a general spring medicine.

Fast Trains.

Do you think of taking a Western trip or of going West, Northwest or Southwest to locate? If so, write to John R. Pott, Traveling Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 486 William St., Williamsport, Pa., for maps and other printed matter. Name the place or section of country you desire visiting and you will be furnished the lowest rates of fare, by the best route running last trains.

LOST.

ON RADCLIFFE STREET, BETWEEN the Presbyterian Church and Franklin St., a Silver Maltese Cross, the badge of the King's Daughters. The value of the cross will be given if returned to the GAZETTE OFFICE.

First-Class Cedar Rails FOR SALE, BY THE CAR LOAD,

Delivered at any Penna. R. R. Station Write for prices. Address

JOHN B IRICK, VINCENTOWN, N. J.

Bristol Opera House

ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, April 8th.

Ralph Ward's Comedy Co.

Supporting the Eminent Actor,

John J. Kennedy,

Who together with

Miss Leanore Hasson,

Will appear in the following Brilliant Repertoir of Comedies:

MONDAY, "The Land of Gold."

TUESDAY, a triple bill of Farces, "A Model Husband," "A Rough Diamond," "A Giddy Old Guy."

WEDNESDAY, "Engaged."

THURSDAY, "A Brother's Crime"

FRIDAY, "The Octoroon."

SAT. MATINEE, "The Farce Bill"

SAT. NIGHT to be announced.

SOUVENIR MATINEE Saturday at 2:00 p. m. Every lady and girl purchasing a reserved seat ticket will receive the choice of a photograph of Mr. Kennedy or Miss Hasson.

POPULAR PRICES.

Admission.....10 and 20c
Reserved Seats.....30c

Reserved Seats on sale at the Bristol News Agency.

PUBLIC SALE OF 70 NEW CARRIAGES! AT NEWTOWN, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, '89,

At 1 o'clock, P. M., sharp.

I WILL sell at my Fifth Annual Spring Sale, 70 NEW CARRIAGES, embracing roomy family carriages, depot wagons, extension-top phaetons, jump-seat phaetons, jump seat carriages, Surrey jump-seats, drop-seat Jenny Lind carriages, Newtown wagons, one-seated phetons, side-bar and full-spring buggies, spindle or road wagons, road carts, top and no-top express or milk wagons, &c.

These are the best finished and finest assortment of carriages that I have ever offered at public sale The wheels are all our own make (except the patent ones) and are guaranteed not to get loose in the hub. The carriages all have steel axles, with patent double collars and steel tires. The curtains are good leather, rubber, duck or flock, the cushions all wool English cloth, first colors, or corduroy. They are well painted and finished and are worth the attention of all who are in want of a good home-made carriage that is guaranteed to be just as represented.

The road carts are roomy and easy.

Come to the sale and secure a good job.

Six months credit on approved notes, or three percent. off for cash.

Cyrus Bilboun, Auct.
J. S. & I. W. Merrick, Clerks.

J. Y. RANDALL.

PUBLIC SALE OF Horses, Wagons, Harness, Store Goods, Manure, &c., AT TULLYTOWN, PENN'A.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE, AT Tullytown, Pa., on THURSDAY, APRIL 11th, 1889, the following, to wit: HORSES—No. 1 is a dark bay horse, 5 years old, 15½ hands high, sound and gentle, a most excellent roadster, and promises to trot fast. No. 2 is a bay horse, 7 yrs old, 16½ hands high, sound, kind in single and double harness, and a very good general purpose horse. No. 3 is a dark bay horse, 7 years old, 17 hands high, weighs about 1100 lbs.; kind in single and double harness. No. 4 is a brown mare, 9 years old, 15 hands high, kind in single or double harness, and a nice driver. Two falling-top carriages, nearly new, 1 good road cart, 1 set light double harness, new, 1 set light single harness, rubber mounted; a quantity of stable manure, in lots to suit purchasers. Store goods in great variety, such as calicos, muslins, curtains, trimmings, boots and shoes, hardware, tinware, groceries, one parlor stove, 1 very nice refrigerator, 2 nice butter boxes, 1 new lawn mower, barrels, boxes, and an endless lot of articles which will be sold to the highest bidder regardless of cost.

A credit will be given.

You know we always sell without reserve, so be on hand to secure bargains.

Don't forget the day and time, Thursday, April 11, at 12 30 p. m., sharp.

H. J. SHOEMAKER.

ELLWOOD W. MINSTER, Auct.
A. B. Shoemaker, Clerk.

A Pansy Tea, AND SALE OF -USEFUL AND FANCY ARTICLES- UNDER THE AUSPICES OF The Helping Hand Society WILL BE HELD IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, —ON— Thursday Evening, April 4th.

Doors open at 6 o'clock.

Admission 10c
Children 5c

Rumford

YEAST POWDER,

"The Old Reliable."

Restores to the flour the nutritious phosphates lost in bolting. No other powder does this. It is healthful and nutritious. Put up in bottles.

Bristol Advertisements

W. S. WILKINSON,

PAPERHANGER and PAINTER.

BRISTOL, Pa.

Address a postal card to P. O. Box 231, and your orders will receive prompt attention.

WM. M. LUKENS,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries and Provisions, Fruits and Canned Goods.

Prices will compare with other Stores.
COR. DORRANCE AND POND STREETS.

WM. C. McEUEN,

Tonsorial Artist,

NO. 18 BATH ST, BRISTOL.

Would like the patronage of his old friends, and as many new ones as will favor him with a call.

WILLIAM GRACE'S

New York Wall Paper Store.

A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsomining, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fine goods for special use. No. 18 Mill Street.

James Warden,

Cheap for the Cash

GROCERY,

Cor. PENN AND POND STS., BRISTOL, PA.

CHAS. WEEKS,

—DEALER IN—

Pure Lehigh Coal,

Lime, Sand, Stone, Wood, &c.,

OFFICE—Mill Street, above Radcliffe Street, Bristol, Pa.

Your trade is solicited

MRS. JOHN HEAD,

No. 15 Bath St., Bristol.

Dressmaking, Plain Sewing, and Children's Clothes.

ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

STILL AHEAD!

W. H. RAYLMOND,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries, Provisions, ETC., ETC,

In the old "Co-operative Store,"
DORRANCE STREET, Bristol, Pa.

WILLIAM TERNESON,

Manufacturer & dealer in

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine *Boots, Shoes & Gaiters,*

Cor. Mill and Pond Sts, BRISTOL, PA.

A first-class call-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3

Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

FRED. B. BOOZ,

—DEALER IN—

FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS,

A specialty in

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Goods Delivered Promptly.
COR. RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

Your trade is solicited.

DENTILAVE is the best thing for teeth and gums

Use it every night on a moistened brush.

DR. G. W. ADAMS,

Dentist,

No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Out of office on Second Day (Monday.)

STEAMBOAT

COLUMBIA,

LEAVES BRISTOL

For Philadelphia at 7:30 A. M. Returning, leaves Chestnut street wharf at 2 o'clock P. M. Single fare 25c. Excursion 40c. Package Tickets, Monthly Tickets and Season Tickets cheap enough to induce travel. Horses and Carriages and all kinds of light freight at low rates, and carefully handled. Large shippers are invited to make special terms.

WM. S. WRIGHT,

Attorney at Law,

BRISTOL, PA.

Office:—In the same building with B. F. Gilkeson, Esq.

JOHN NIMON,

DEALER IN FINE

Groceries, Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,

FRESH DAILY.

My Teas and Coffees are the Best.

COR. WOOD AND WASHINGTON STREETS.

TIN ROOFING —OVER— OLD SHINGLES.

A Tight Roof Guaranteed.

Tin Roofing and Spouting, Painting and Repairing Old Roofs

A SPECIALTY.

BEVAN & WILKINSON,

Nos. 8 and 10 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.

Philadelphia Cash Grocery

AND CHICAGO BEEF MARKET,

Radcliffe & Market Sts, Bath & Buckley Sts. Bristol, and Second & Furman Sts., Trenton.

THREE STORES!

Immense quantities of goods bought for new prices, for cash, and will be sold at correspondingly low rates.

Rib Roast, 12c. lb. Round Steak, 2 lb. for 25c.
Mutton Chops, 12c. lb. Stewing Meat, 6, 8, 10c
Gilbert's Sausage and Scrapple.

BURTON'S EXPRESS.

JOSHUA BURTON

is at all times prepared to do jobs of

HAULING

of every description, and at prices to suit the times.

Furniture handled with care.

Orders left at Kelley's Cigar Store, No. 68 Mill street, will receive prompt attention.

SILVER LAKE

Dyeing AND Scouring

ESTABLISHMENT.

OLIVER APPLETON, Proprietor.
Bristol, Pa.

We are again prepared to dye Woolen and Cotton goods of all kinds. Leave your orders with L. Woolman, Bath street, Bristol, and they will receive prompt attention.

ALBERT F. YEUTTER,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Radcliffe street near Market,

BRISTOL, PA.

A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Legal Advertisements

ESTATE NOTICE.

Letters of ANN HAMILTON, *late of Bristol Borough, deceased*

ALL persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims will present the same for settlement without delay, to

ROBERT H. NEELY, or his Attorney, Executor.

JOHN C. STUCKERT.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of the Commonwealth by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for their approval or rejection, at a special election to be held June 18, 1889. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth:

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met,* That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

AMENDMENT.

Strike out from Section one, of Article eight, the four qualifications for voters, which read as follows:

"Twenty two years of age, or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," so that the section which reads as follows:

"Every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended so as to read as follows:

Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident, and not elsewhere.

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least thirty days.

Second. He shall have resided in the State one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native-born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election. The Legislature, at the session thereof next after the adoption of this section, shall, and from time to time thereafter may, enact laws to properly enforce this provision.

Fourth. Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen for thirty days and an inhabitant of this State one year next preceding an election, except at municipal elections, and for the last thirty days a resident of the election district in which he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident, and not elsewhere, for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elected by the people: *Provided*, That in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, in the army or navy thereof, shall be deprived of his vote by reason of his absence from such election district, and the Legislature shall have power to provide the manner in which, and the time and place at which, such absent voters may vote, and for the return and canvass of their votes in the election district in which they respectively reside.

Fifth. For the purpose of voting, no person shall be deemed to have gained or lost a residence by reason of his presence or absence while employed in the service of the United States or of the State, nor while engaged in the navigation of the waters of the State or of the high seas

CUSTOM'S SLAVES.

In tea gown rare, all trimmed with lace,
And tinted, like her shell-fair face,
With dainty pink, she poured my tea,
And smiled, with dimpling cheeks, at me,
Until I felt—though tea I loathe—
That if my plain life she would clothe
With her sweet tea gown, oft I'd drink
Of tea, and eat of toast, and think
That food and drink for gods, to these
Compared, were naught but dust and lees.

But when I said: "Wilt pour for me
My tea through all our years to be?"
She made a face, though smiling still:
"Pray, make it coffee and I will."
—Aristine Anderson.

FRENCH SPIES.

The police system of Russia, intolerable as it is, is not a whit more dangerous to the liberties of the people than the French system under the last Napoleon was. In the last years of his reign he brought the spy corps to perfection. Outside of the criminal police the emperor had thousands of political spies in his pay. No work was too degrading for these men. They had the contempt of the regular police and the hatred of all honest men, but Napoleon increased their number and encouraged them in their high handed measures. He feared investigation, revolution, assassination; he believed, or pretended to believe, that he lived over a slumbering volcano. French sentiment was drifting toward liberty, and he aimed to kill it. The Russian masses are fifty years behind the French. When the time comes they will do just as the French did, and the czar and his spies and police will be helpless. Napoleon smothered liberty by threats, insults, imprisonments, confiscation and other bulldozing methods, but when the alarm came he was helpless. In one single hour his power and greatness fled away, his numberless spies turned traitor or hid themselves, and the people threw off the yoke forever.

In the early days of the war I was selected by our government to perform a certain mission in France. I had traveled all over that country, could speak French like a native, and President Lincoln honored me enough to believe in my wisdom and discretion. This mission was connected with the attitude of France toward this republic. If Napoleon was not personally hostile to the United States, and had not plans to further no boundless ambition, he was at least causing great anxiety in Washington by his hesitancy and half-heartedness.

When I landed in Havre I was surrounded with all the safeguards one could ask for. I had my certificate of American citizenship, a passport, a letter to the American minister, and my movements were to be controlled from his headquarters. My departure from Washington was known to less than half a dozen officials. We had no ocean telegraph in those days. There were Frenchmen among my fellow passengers, but I had been very discreet, I may have been over cautious. It may have been for this very reason that I was "spotted" as soon as I walked down the gang plank, for spotted I was. I had been engaged in detective and secret service work long enough to pick up a good many pointers. I had shadowed men, and I know how to detect a shadow on my own trail. As I walked from the plank to a hack I felt that I was an object of solicitude to some one in the crowd. I could not pick him out, but I knew he was there.

I did not purpose going to Paris for several days. I drove to a hotel, registered plainly and correctly, and went to my room. Almost immediately I descended again, to find a spy and the clerk with their heads together over the book, and I heard my name mentioned. The spy was a slim, spare man of 30, well dressed, black hair and eyes, and carried a cane. I knew from his ways that he was not a detective connected with the regular police, and if so he must be a political spy. I returned to my room without being seen, and half an hour later had a call from the man.

"I beg a thousand pardons, monsieur, but you just arrived by steamer?" he asked.

"I did."

"I had friends, relatives, two sisters, who were to sail by her from New York. They have not arrived. I am very anxious. Perhaps you met them?"

"What is the name?"

"Dubois, monsieur."

"Ah, yes. Well, I have sad news for you. They were swept overboard and drowned on the third day out."

He threw up his hands, uttered a sort of shriek and fled down the corridor. He had simply come to make sure that I was an American, and to get a closer look at me. His "sisters" were myths, and I gave him the guy because I knew that such was the case. We landed before noon. After dinner I took a walk about, and I hadn't gone four squares before I tumbled to the fact that I was shadowed. My spy had changed his hat and coat and donned a red wig, but I knew him by his build and gait. Men can disguise their faces and bodies and draw on gloves to hide scars on the hands, but no man living can long disguise his gait. He may limp, toe out, toe in, or make any other change, but he will unconsciously relapse into his old gait after a few minutes. I gave the fellow no attention, and after a little he grew bold enough to almost walk beside me. I was out for a couple of hours, and he shadowed me back to the hotel. That evening I went to the theatre, and he had a seat not far away.

After breakfast next morning I received a visit from the spy's superior. If I remember right, he said he was chief of some division acting under orders from Paris. He politely asked for my passport, and I not only gave him that but some letters which seemed to open his eyes very wide.

"Oh, yes—certainly—excuse—excuse!" he hastened to say. "Monsieur is a prominent American, of course. I am very sorry, and hope you have not been inconvenienced."

He went away seemingly satisfied, but when I went out for a drive the spy took up my trail again. When I went out after dinner it was on foot, and the man had now become very bold. He must have argued that I could not remember his voice nor penetrate his disguise, for, as I sauntered down toward the quays, he overtook me and said in French:

"Well, Julius, what brings you here?"

"I think you have made a mistake," I replied, in English.

"Ah! so I have; a thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, as he lifted his hat and bowed. "You closely resemble a valued friend of mine, and I was so sure of his identity, you know. You are English monsieur, one from England?"

"Well?"

"I like the English. My mother was an English woman. Are you seeing the sights?"

"Yes, trying to."

"They are not grand, monsieur, but it is a pleasant place. Has monsieur been long from London?"

"Only a few days."

"Ah! And monsieur can only speak English. It is too bad."

"Yes, so it is."

I understood that his object was to find out something about me, and that it did him lots of good to have me tacitly admit that I was an Englishman when he knew better. I could speak French and he knew it, but he encouraged me to deny it. In this way he could make me out a suspicious character. He was with me for two hours, and we seemed to part with regret. That evening as I walked out he followed me in a new disguise. He lost sight of me only as I slept until I took the train for Paris. At Rouen we had a delay of half an hour owing to accident, and a second spy took me in charge. He was got up as a shopkeeper on his way to Paris on business, and he addressed me in French and I answered him promptly enough. I felt sure of his identity, and as we rode together he exhibited the despicable side of character for which the political spies were notorious. He had discovered that I was an American traveling for pleasure.

"Ah! how glorious to live in a republic where the masses reign!" he exclaimed. "The Americans are right to detest monarchy. Monarchy is corruption and oppression."

"Your people don't seem to think so."

"But they do, monsieur."

"Then why don't they make a republic here?"

He was delighted at my expression. That was "information" for which he would get credit with his chief. He entered Paris with me, drove to the same hotel, and as soon as I had gone to my room he disappeared. Two hours later a very genteel looking man paid me a visit and introduced himself as an official of the bureau of public safety. I was a foreigner. It was his duty to inspect my papers.

"Monsieur is English, I believe, and from London?" he queried.

"No. I am an American, from New York."

"So! Does monsieur travel for pleasure?"

"Oh, no. I am in France to buy chestnuts for the American army."

"Chestnuts for soldiers?" he queried. "That is strange. Monsieur speaks French?"

"Sorry to say that my French is a failure."

"Ah, so! I will look at the papers."

They were papers, as I have said, that no official would dare to question, and, after looking them over, he bowed very low, and inquired:

"Will monsieur remain long in France?"

"That will depend on the state of the chestnut market," I replied.

During the day I called upon the secretary of legation for consultation, and when I told him of the spies, he said that every American in the country was under surveillance to a greater or less degree. The war in the United States was exciting the French people and making them restless, and the political police had been doubled in number. Revolution was breeding, and Napoleon was determined to apply the knife with vigorous hand. Suspects were arrested and imprisoned in the most arbitrary manner, and no one felt that he could trust any one outside his own family.

I was to go from Paris to Reims. Spies had followed me everywhere in Paris, and I planned to get out of the city without being shadowed. The clerk at the hotel office hoped I would give him a day's notice of my intended departure. He wanted to inform the spies, but I determined to beat him. I ate my dinner as usual, went out for a stroll, and when I returned I rushed for a valise, already prepared, demanded my bill on the instant and was out of the house in ten minutes pleading a case of life or death. I went on foot for three squares, engaged a cab to take me to the station from which I could depart from Versailles, and as soon as he had put me down and departed I walked away and engaged another vehicle to convey me to the right depot. We arrived ten minutes before the departure of the train, and I purchased my ticket and got away with the rush.

As I came to know subsequently, there was a great row raised over my departure. Spies were sent out by the dozen, telegrams despatched by the score, and I arrived at Reims to find a crowd of no less than six officials awaiting to arrest me. It was not exactly an arrest, either. As I left the train an official touched me on the arm and respectfully said:

"Monsieur the American will oblige me?"

"If possible," I replied, knowing well what was coming.

"Then monsieur will accompany me in my carriage to make a call at headquarters."

Two carriages followed ours, and after a drive of a mile we drew up at the headquarters of the bureau of public safety in Reims. It was a misnomer. It should have been called the bureau of public peril, for the arbitrary measures of this department were making fresh enemies every hour in the day. The chief was a very pompous and dignified man. He received me politely, but coldly, and the first question asked was:

"Is monsieur guilty of some crime that he leaves Paris so secretly?"

"I left when I got ready, and after my own fashion. Here are my papers. Examine them and satisfy yourself."

He looked them over. No official in France dared dispute them or put me under arrest after seeing them.

"But why did monsieur claim to be an Englishman?" he asked.

"I never did."

"So! But you speak French, and yet you denied it."

"I never denied it."

"But you say you want chestnuts for American soldiers. What do they do with them?"

"Make soup, of course."

"Oh! That is different. It must be good soup. Monsieur asked why the French did not make a republic."

"That was to please one of your political spies."

"Spies! Have we spies?"

"Thousands, sir. They are at every station, in every hotel and cafe, on the steamboats, in the omnibus, in the theatre and church. They have dogged me ever since I landed. Napoleon is afraid I have come to usurp the throne. You had better search my hind pockets and see if I have a usurper with me."

They looked puzzled, and, after a consultation, I was bowed out of headquarters and sent in a carriage to a hotel. Twice afterward, at Amiens and Lille, I was brought up in the same way and sent off after examination; and during my three months' stay in the country there was never a day that I was not under surveillance and suspicion.—New York Sun.

Indian Dancing.

After having spent some time with the Blackfeet and the Crows of the Rocky mountains, the Earl of Dunraven undertook to show his friends a specimen of the dancing he had witnessed among these people. As he reports results, the exhibition was impressive. Words would have been inadequate to the purpose.

I cannot describe an Indian dance. The only way to convey an idea of it would be for me to put on a blanket and "jump around loose," and for some one else to take short hand notes of my appearance and antics.

I tried it the other day in my English home, but the shorthand writer had a fit; my elder children howled in terror; the baby went into convulsions, and had oil poured on its head; the wife of my bosom fled shrieking from the room, and my nearest male relative threatened to apply for a warrant to inquire into my sanity or insanity; so I abandoned the attempt.—Youth's Companion.

Among the criticisms on American girls in English papers we should be satisfied with the remarks of The London Queen: "American girls are bright, intelligent, good managers, tasteful dressers, kind, warm hearted friends, and affectionate wives and mothers."

GREEK TREASURES

Which America Wants and Is Searching For—The Village of Castri.

We have no wish to deprive the Hellenic kingdom of a good bargain, or the American republic of as many statues, and temples, and bronzes and coins as it can discover, and it may be that, by the purchase and removal of the little village of Castri, the way might be prepared for discoveries more extensive and valuable than any which have as yet attended modern explorers at Delphi. But the village is a small and insignificant one, and stands on a narrow strip of ground between what are called the ruins of Delphi and the point at which the spurs of Parnassus descend pretty sheer to the spot whence still bubbles what is called the Castalian fountain. Hence the area to be excavated, if we suppose the villagers of Castri to be expropriated for the purpose, is not very extensive.

There is a perpetual glamour about the very name of Greece, and an added spell round that of Delphi, which will make up for many things the traveler might expect to find and will not. For instance, he will find scrub and rank grass instead of wood and trees, and nowhere, save at the Castalian fountain, or where the Plesitus flows, will find water. Greece is, as it was, a somewhat waterless land. Nor are the hills very striking in outline; and the twin peaks of Parnassus are here too nigh to do themselves justice. But the gulf of Corinth lies like a silver lake below, and, with the help of an enthusiastic imagination, the wayfarer may work himself into the feeling that his feet are carrying him over sacred ground. When he reaches Delphi, he will find as a recent visitor declares:

Fallen tablet, prostrate column,
Solitude and silence solemn.

The matrons and maidens of Castri will probably be washing the clothes of their husbands and brothers in the fount of Castalia, with their kirtles well tucked up above their knees. For the rest, there is some water cress, a few hovels and a Greek monastery and church of liliputian dimensions, inhabited and cared for by a single monk.

Are these present features to disappear, on the chance of our American brothers finding relics of the palmy days of Greece? To remove the little squalid village of Castri would be a trifling undertaking for a community that has cleared the western backwoods, and constructed Chicago out of nothing. Nor are they to be deterred by the legends that still linger round the place.

Originally, it will be remembered, the oracle was delivered through the mouth of a priestess of tender years, sitting on the sacred tripod. Later, the priestess had to be 50 years of age. America, as the youngest of the civilized continents, will perhaps reverse the arrangement, and plead its youth in order to ingratiate itself with the lord of the twanging bow. As for the Greek monk and his semi-subterranean chapel, its curious icons and frescoes of saints and martyrs, the explorer from New York would soon make short work of these. Hard by them stands a splendid laurel or bay tree, and this might be turned to account by the purchasers. Indeed, might they not get all their money back, quite independently of any classical trouvailles, by selling laurel wreaths from it to all the "distinguished" citizens of the republic, of whom, as everybody knows, there is such a prodigious quantity? What remained might be disposed of in the mother country, where likewise "eminent" personages have a tendency to increase at a marvelous rate. Take it altogether, the scheme seems a fitting and an opportune one. The analogy between the republics of Greece and the American republic is not, at first sight, obvious; but, with a little perseverance and good will, we feel sure it might be made out. There may be some who will feel a lingering compassion for poor Apollo; while others, less tolerant, will be disposed to wish that he still could deal out punishment from his avenging quiver.—London Telegraph.

He Didn't See the Point.

There is one story on Tim Campbell which he himself relates and which has not yet seen the light of day; a story the point of which Tim has probably not seen himself yet, for he tells it in an innocent way which, of course, adds much to its flavor.

Mr. Campbell has a strong appreciation of his dignity. It does not oppress—it sustains and comforts him. Not long ago he was walking through the corridors of the house wing of the Capitol when a woman spoke to him and said:

"Will you see if Mr. Glover is in the house?"

Mr. Campbell drew himself to his full height.

"Madame," said he, "there are gintlemen around here to do that thing;" and he emphasized his remark with a sweeping gesture, which included in its scope the entire force of house employes from the clerk to the doorkeepers.

The little woman looked up into Mr. Campbell's face.

"I'm Mr. Glover's wife," she said.

"I thought you were," said Hon. "Tim" in a tone that showed that the fact did not impress him very seriously.

"You're Mr. Campbell, are you not?" said Mrs. Glover.

"I am," said the Hon. "Tim" in his most impressive way.

"I thought you were," said Mrs. Glover, quietly, as she turned and walked away.—Chicago Herald.

Nurse Maids a la Russe.

There is a "fad" in nursemaids, and literally will it be a "cold day" for the sharp eyed, keen witted "bonne," if the Russian maid, a new departure in service, meets with the favor she anticipates. The Russian nursemaid is already an imposing feature in more than one aristocratic household. To look at, she is all that is delightfully picturesque. She wears a long, loose garment of deep blue cloth, bordered with a band of crimson, and on her head is the veritable Russian headgear, a creation of much puffed white tulle, from which depend, all the way to the bottom of the skirt, two wide lengths of crimson moire ribbon. So looks the Russian maid; how acts the Russian maid remains to be further tested. So far, though, she has been found trustworthy and capable. Another fashion, "a la Russe," is that of dressing children for outdoor exercise entirely in white wool and white fur. The little ones, so arrayed, look like tiny wraiths as they speed along over the frozen ground through the crisp atmosphere.—Table Talk.

A Popular Courtesy Ignored.

"There are very few smokers who will hesitate to ask an utter stranger for a match, and men who might pass each other on the street every day for weeks without even a nod of recognition will exchange 'lights' in a smoking car without the slightest restraint." So spoke a young man to a group of friends the other day.

"But," he continued, "I met a man yesterday on the cars who was an exception to the rule. I was passing through the smoker with a cigar all ready to light, and felt in my pocket for a match. He gave me a cold stare and paid no attention to my request."

"Was he deaf?" asked one of the crowd.

"No, he was handcuffed, and I felt like a thief when I discovered it, too," was the sad reply.—Elmira Gazette.

About Floras.

The flora of Europe embraces about 10,000 species. India has about 15,000. The British possessions in North America, though with an area nearly as large as Europe, has only about 5,000 species. One of the richest floras is that of the Cape of Good Hope and Natal, which figures up about 10,000 species. Australia also is rich in species, about 10,000 being already known. In the West Indies and Guiana there are 4,000.—New Orleans Picayune.

Emotional Prodigality.

Something has been wisely said of late about the danger of overpressure in our schools. The time spent in study that ought to be spent in outdoor play or in exercise in gymnasia is worse than wasted. But the overpressure of intellectual work would not be so bad were it not for the emotional prodigality of many children both at home and at school. Teachers are spurred to strain pupils to the utmost that they may meet the coming tests for promotion. The healthy spontaneous emotions that make it the delight of childhood to learn are crushed, and factitious emotions of fear and dread are substituted. At home the emotional excitement is often greater than at school. Prizes, the expectations of parents, piano practice, company, parties, dances, petting and reproofs are the stimuli, culminating often in late hours spent in preparing a half dozen lessons for the next day. The tasks at school, hard as they are, often are less injurious to children than the emotional dissipation at home.—W. H. Burnham in Scribner's.

A Chinese Millionaire.

The honesty of the Chinese in their business dealings is shown in the actions of Hou Qua, the Canton millionaire, who died a few years ago, leaving at least $50,000,000. One of the Chinese firms of Canton had failed, owing a great sum to foreigners. Hou Qua got up a subscription and paid the whole indebtedness. He headed the list of subscribers with $1,000,000 out of his own pocket, saying that "Chinese credit must remain untarnished." This is the same man who, when the English were about to bombard Canton unless their demand of $6,000,000 was paid within forty-eight hours, headed the subscription list with the sum of $1,100,000. "I give," said he, "$800,000 as a thank offering for the business prosperity I have had. I give $100,000 as a testimony of the fidelity of my son, and $200,000 as a mark of the affection which I bear my wife." This man, Hou Qua, though dead, is still greatly honored in Canton. His gardens there are among the sights of the city, and his name is synonymous with business honor.—Frank G. Carpenter.

A Wedding Present.

One of the most original wedding presents anybody ever heard of was the one bestowed on a celebrated writer, whose wondrous stories are the delight of two continents. It seems this young and brilliant author married a divorcee, whose 16-year-old son had been awarded to the keeping of his papa by the courts. At the wedding breakfast, however, both former husband and son were present—no inconvenient prejudice existed on the part of either husband—and all went merry as a chime of bells during the happy feast until husband No. 1 burst out: "Come, now, I want you to be happy! Take Sammy. Here, Sammy"—pushing the 16-year-old son into "the happy couple's" arms—"you shall have Sammy!" And "Sammy" they were obliged to have ever since.—Boston Herald.

A Missed Opportunity.

"There's one place you haven't looked for burglars, Maria," said Mr. Goodsleeper, lazily watching his wife as she got down on the floor, and, shutting one eye, tried to look into the two inch space under the bed for a burly robber. "Where?" she exclaimed nervously. "In the Bible, Maria, in the Bible." It didn't seem to impress her very much and he grew heavy hearted long hours afterward when he remembered that he had intended to say dictionary.—Burdette.

WORKING A HOG.

Two Men and a Boy Put Up a Job and "Skinned the Town."

When I entered the village, situated among the hills of New York, at 10 o'clock in the morning all was peaceful and serene, and the pocket of every man who walked the streets had chink in it. When I left at 4 p. m. an excited mob had possession of the main street, and every other man was dead broke.

About noon a man arrived from the north in a buggy. He said he was a drover, and looking for hogs. He bought half a dozen before he ate dinner, and it was astonishing how closely he guessed at their live weight. He was within two pounds on four of them, and only half a pound more on the others. These had been an attraction for a crowd of idlers, and the general verdict was that the drover was as sharp as a barber's razor. Soon after dinner a farmer looking boy drove a hog into town, and staked him out in front of the tavern. As he wanted to sell and the drover wanted to buy, they soon came together.

"Might take him on a pinch, but he's only a nubbins," said the drover as he sized the porker up.

"Nubbins! Why, that pig goes over 200 pounds!" exclaimed the owner.

"Can't stuff me, boy. I've been in the business twenty years."

"No one wants to stuff. That 'ere hog goes to 210."

"He does, eh? Wish your father had come in. I'd like to make a bet with him. Boy, you ought to have better judgment. That hog won't pull down 180."

"Guess you are off, too," remarked a stranger who had quietly driven up in a buggy. "I've raised hogs all my life, and that boy hain't five pounds out of his guess."

"Ain't he? Raised hogs, have you? Ever raise any money?"

"A little."

"Perhaps you'd like to bet on that hog?"

"Perhaps."

"Have you got $20 as says he goes 200?"

"I have—fifty—a hundred!"

"Then let's chalk. Anybody can blow."

It was a chance to make a dollar, and the citizens improved it. The man in the buggy was an accommodating chap, and somehow or other the farmer boy managed to fish up about $100 from the hind pocket of his overalls. The citizens stuck by the drover, having abundant proofs of his judgment, and when every man in that town who had a loose dollar or could borrow one had made his bet the hog was driven to the scales and weighed.

"Gentlemen," said the drover just before the weighing, "I was never deceived in my life. This hog won't go to 190 pounds."

"I'll take even bets that he goes over 200," replied the man in the buggy.

This bluff raked out the last nickel in the crowd, and the hog was driven upon the scales. The record was 211 pounds. He was weighed and reweighed, but the figures stood.

"Well, it's my first error in a hog," said the drover, and all bets were at once handed over. The farmer boy slipped out, the two men drove off in the buggy, and half an hour had elapsed before a church deacon, who had laid his ten with the drover and lost, suddenly delared that it was a put up job to skin the town.

"Dern my buttons if it hain't!" yelled 200 men in chorus, but it was too late. The town had been skinned, and the trio had escaped. All the mob could do was to turn loose and wreck an old vinegar factory and pass a resolution to the effect that liberty was a sham and a delusion.—New York Sun.

The Smoker's Best Plea.

The experiments of V. Tassinari will rejoice the hearts of many smokers. He cemented together by their wide mouths two glass funnels so as to form a cigar holder, with a large chamber in the middle. In this chamber was suspended from a loop of platinum a small piece of linen. At one end of this cigar holder was a plug of cotton wool, acting as a smoke filter. A cigar was placed in the other end, lighted and smoked secundum artem, the mouth of the smoker being attached to the filtering end. By this arrangement the piece of linen was surrounded by a dense cloud of tobacco smoke.

At the end of half an hour, during which three and a half to four grammes (about one-eighth of an ounce) of tobacco was smoked, the chamber was opened and the linen allowed to fall into a test tube containing fluid gelatine in which were planted colonies of seven varieties of pathogenic microbia, including those of cholera, anthrax (chicken cholera) and pneumonia. In every instance there was a marked delay in the development of these colonies as compared with what occurred in similar test tubes charged with the same, but not exposed to tobacco smoke; the development of some was entirely prevented by the tobacco smoke.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Empress Eugenie's Necklace.

Worth says he once supplied the Empress Eugenie with several fancy costumes. One was that of Juno, and another the splendid dress of a dogaressa, or wife of the doge of Venice. For this last named toilet she caused to be fashioned the necklace in diamond network, with a great imitation pear shaped pearl suspended in each interstice of the network, which was sold among the crown jewels, and the fact of the pearls not being real created a good deal of talk at the time of the sale. She never wore this authentic and picturesque, but cumbersome, ornament. She tried it on several times, but it always marred the effect of her costume. It was sold for $4,000, a price far beyond its intrinsic value.—New York Telegram.

Wonders of the Telephone.

"Did you ever notice," said a pretty telephone girl to the reporter, "what a difference there is in telephones. Actually they're as different as human beings. Some of them are excellent linguists, and others can't transmit a message in anything but American. Why, there's one instrument on my circuit, and if a Pole or a German rings up anybody and tries to speak his native tongue over the wire the instrument simply refuses to work, and there's the awfulest time that ever was. But just let a good Yankee try it and it will transmit with astonishing clearness. Now that's a fact."—Buffalo Courier.

A Conquered Hannibal.

Hannibal Hamlin says that when he visited Minnesota he did get an overcoat and wear it—not on account of his own feelings, but out of respect for the weather. "When," says he, "the thermometer runs down to 40 degs. below zero, I think the ordinary courtesies of the occasion would demand proper recognition of the presence of Boreas, the ice king. My friends were much amused at my surrender, but a Minnesota blizzard is not a meteorological condition to be treated with disrespect." We don't have any such weather as that in this balmy Maine clime.—Lewiston Journal.

Sparks and Flashes.

A kiss is a sort of water cress.

All commercial travelers are journeymen.

The most conscientious mechanics have their little vises.

A merchant who complains that trade is at a standstill may not be doing a stationery business.

Naturally enough a person who has been ejected from a place of public meeting feels put out.

Pompey says: "I s'picious dat de reason de sweetheart am called a 'flame' is bekase she gibs de-light."—Detroit Free Press.

On a Southern Railroad.

Aged and Unctuous Moke—Here's yo' cole roas' chick'ns?

Northern Philanthropist—My friend, where did those chickens come from?

A. and U. M.—Is you from the norf?

N. P.—Yes; I'm a northern man.

A. and U. M.—Frien' of de colored man?

N. P.—Yes; and always have been.

A. and U. M.—Well, den, jes say no mo' 'bout whar dese yer chick'ns come from—here's yo' cold roas' chick'n!—Portland Transcript.

Diluted laudanum is excellent to apply to sores or wounds to heal them. If the wounds are fresh and of great extent, care must be taken to not use it full strength nor too freely, as enough might be absorbed into the system to cause too profound a sleep to be desirable.

To clarify sugar for ices: Take twelve pounds of sugar, twelve pints of water, half the white of one egg, well beaten up; add to it the water; boil ten minutes. This is used in all water ices.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the Territory with its main line from east to west; is the only short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the center of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colors.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, banishes headache, and refreshes the mind.

Distress After Eating — **Sick Headache** — **Heart-burn** — **Sour Stomach**

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced." George A. Page, Watertown, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE GREAT German Remedy.

TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

For those deathly Bilious Spells depend on SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

$1,000 will be paid for a case where SULPHUR BITTERS will not assist or cure. It never fails.

Do you suffer with that tired and all gone feeling; if so, use SULPHUR BITTERS; it will cure you.

Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Blotches, and Sores. Rely on SULPHUR BITTERS, and health will follow.

Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks, who do not procure sufficient exercise, and all who are confined in doors, should use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will not then be weak and sickly.

SULPHUR BITTERS will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged; it will cure you.

If you do not wish to suffer from Rheumatism, use a bottle of SULPHUR BITTERS; it never fails to cure.

SULPHUR BITTERS will build you up and make you strong and healthy.

Don't be without a bottle. Try it; you will not regret it.

SULPHUR BITTERS will make your blood pure, rich and strong, and your flesh hard.

Ladies in delicate health, who are all run down, should use SULPHUR BITTERS.

Try SULPHUR BITTERS to-night, and you will sleep well and feel better for it.

Do you want the best Medical Work published? Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. ORDWAY & CO., Boston, Mass., and receive a copy, free.

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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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Page's Climax Salve, A FAMILY BLESSING FOR 25 CENTS.

Its action upon the system is unlike any other external remedy, as it never drives the disease to the Internal Organs. Its properties go to the diseased part, and separate all the poisonous and corrupt humors, through the perspiring vessels to the surface, and eradicates the disease from the system. We warrant it to cure Old Sores, Ulcers, Scrofula Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Breasts or Nipples, Inflamed Eyes, Swollen Glands, Erysipelas, Boils, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Fistula, Piles, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Frosted Feet, and all cutaneous diseases on man and beast.

PAGE'S CLIMAX SALVE acts like magic on Horse flesh in curing Scratches, Mange, Old Sores, Fresh Cuts, Snake Bites, Bruises, Burns, Saddle and Harness Galls, Chafes, etc. It is put up in boxes three times larger than any other Salve, and sold at the low price of twenty five cents per box. It is warranted to cure in every case or money refunded. For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

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THE GREAT STOMACH AND LIVER REMEDY.

Established by one of our most eminent physicians and recommended by the medical profession and druggists who know their real merit, and are used with more pleasing results than any other medicine.

Moffat's Life Pills are purely vegetable. They act on the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, purify and regulate the whole system, and are warranted a certain cure for all Malarious Diseases, Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Costiveness, Nervous and Sick Headache, Neuralgia and Nervous Diseases, Female obstructions and General weakness, Scurvy, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Piles of every kind, Gravel and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Colds and Fever and Ague.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS are elegantly Sugar coated and easy to take and are a perfect after dinner Pill, one taken after dinner each day will aid digestion and cure all disorders of the Stomach. Headache and Sick Headache cannot exist if these Pills are used. For costiveness take one Pill at bedtime.

MOFFAT'S PHOENIX BITTERS

Are not a drink used for intoxication, but a pure medicine and only used by people who are sick. They correct the secretions of the stomach and are a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Debility, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, etc. Thousands of certificates are in possession of the proprietor, giving perfect cures effected by these invaluable medicines and we warrant that they will do just what we have said or money will be refunded. It is simply asked that the afflicted will try them once, their use will convince the most skeptical.

PAGE'S CLIMAX SALVE, 25c. a Box. MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS, 25c. a Box. MOFFAT'S PHOENIX BITTERS, $1.00 a Bottle. For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere, or sent by mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

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No. 717.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

At Bristol, in the State of Penna., at the close of business, February 26th, 1889.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	$449,085 94
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	40,000 00
Other stocks, bonds, and mortgages	78,891 94
Due from approved reserve agents	78,753 83
Due from other National Banks	5,397 54
Due from State Banks and bankers	86 56
Real estate, furniture, and fixtures	9,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid	2,329 13
Checks and other cash items	1,178 36
Bills of other Banks	1,470 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	76
Specie	16,227 00
Legal tender notes	18,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5 per cent. of circulation)	1,800 00
TOTAL	$672,771 02

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	$92,220 00
Surplus fund	96,000 00
Undivided profits	12,899 25
National Bank notes outstanding	21,540 00
Dividends unpaid	303 60
Individual deposits subject to check	406,209 57
Due to other National Banks	43,251 88
Due to State Banks and bankers	346 72
TOTAL	$672,771 02

State of Penna., County of Bucks, ss.

I, Charles E. Scott, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly affirm that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Subscribed and affirmed to before me this 1st day of March, 1889.

W. H. H. FINE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:

L. A. HOGUET,
ANTHONY SWAIN, } Directors.
EDWARD THOMAS,

JESSE O. THOMAS,

NOTARY PUBLIC

BRISTOL, PA

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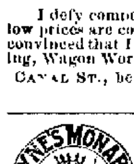

CATARRH of Nose or Throat in any stage, acute or chronic, also Hay Fever or Cold in Head, rapidly cured. High medical endorsement. A lawyer who had Catarrh 17 yrs. discovers a cure which is now given to the world. No cocaine or harmful substance. No snuff or douche. Easy, safe, agreeable. Send for circular with home testimonials. Sprays cured. Druggists 50c.; mail, registered, 60c. PAYNE & CO., ATHENS, PA.

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1529 Arch Street, Philad'a, Pa.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Debility, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

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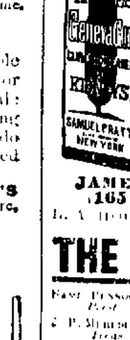

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When it is taken into consideration that Gin is the only spirit possessing a medicinal quality other than a stimulant, a pure article is required.

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Is a pure Geneva (Swiss) Gin, redistilled with selected buchu leaves, fresh Italian juniper berries, gentian root, &c. It will be found an invaluable remedy and certain cure for Bright's Disease, Stone in Bladder, and all inflammation of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

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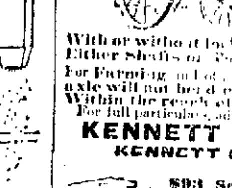

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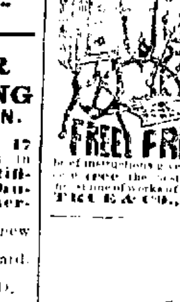

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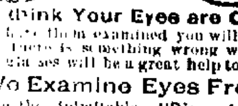

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We Examine Eyes Free.

We use the inimitable "Diamanta" lenses made only by us, and are recommended by the leading Oculists as the best aids to defective vision.

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Piso's Cure for Consumption is also the best Cough Medicine.

If you have a Cough without disease of the Lungs, a few doses are all you need. But if you neglect this easy means of safety, the slight Cough may become a serious matter, and several bottles will be required.

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